

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

1. HUGH MILLER,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i> . . .	451
2. PATTY. Part V.,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i> . . .	470
3. THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST,	<i>Contemporary Review,</i> . . .	491
4. THE FUNCTION OF PHYSICAL PAIN: ANÆSTHETICS,	<i>Westminster Review,</i> . . .	498
5. THE LITERARY LIFE,	<i>Saint Pauls,</i>	502
6. SONGS OF THE SIERRAS,	<i>Academy,</i>	505
7. A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA,	<i>All the Year Round,</i> . . .	509
8. ROMAN NOTES,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i> . . .	512

POETRY.

FROM THE DANISH,	450 A FOOLISH WISH,	450
----------------------------	---------------------------------	-----

SHORT ARTICLES.

HINDOO MISSIONS TO ENGLISH PAUPERS,	469
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FROM THE DANISH.

1 BIRDIE bright, in tree top swinging,
 Birdie sweet, from tree top singing,
 "Maiden, know'st thou what I sing to thee?"
 Maid, with feet among the flowers,
 Softly at the tree root cowers,
 Listening, gazing 'mong the branches wistfully.

2 Birdie, shy, his flight renewing,
 Maiden eagerly pursuing,
 Through the tangled wildwood's depths they
 haste;
 Overhead the branches thicken,
 Under foot the mosses quicken,
 Pursuit and flight bring life into the silent
 waste.

3 Come they to a sunny clearing;
 Maiden cries, in tones endearing,
 "Berries red, and almonds sweet I bring,
 Roseleaves, fresh and soft and tender,
 If thou wilt to me surrender,
 If thou wilt only light upon my hand and sing."

4 His jewelled flight, in 'wilderling mazes,
 Flashing before her as she gazes,
 The bird his luring song once more renews;
 "Maiden, know'st thou what I'm sing-
 ing?"
 Hark! the clear notes sweetly ringing,
 Now high, now low; the bird almost in reach
 she views.

5 Yes, his flight is surely drooping;
 Quick the maid is running, stooping.
 Hands outspread, and veil, to trap the prize.
 Why her cheeks with scarlet flushing?
 Why such sudden panting, blushing?
 Bright at her feet the plumage of the singer
 lies.

6 But the singer bows before her,
 Smiling bends he to implore her,
 "Where are thy berries red, thy almonds
 sweet?
 But I pray thee to surrender
 Those bright rose-leaves, fresh and ten-
 der
 Which now enchant my sight, low kneeling at
 thy feet."

7 One, and two, and three, warm kisses
 On her glowing cheek he presses,
 Then from her turning, is a bird again.
 Swift his flight o'er hill and meadow,
 Through the sunshine, through the
 shadow;
 She watches long; henceforth she'll watch for
 him in vain.

From The Radical, for August.

A FOOLISH WISH.

Why need I seek some burden small to bear
 Before I go?
 Will not a host of nobler souls be here,
 God's will to do?
 Of stronger hands, unfailling, unafraid?
 O silly soul! what matters my small aid
 Before I go?

I tried to find, that I might show to them,
 Before I go,
 The path of purer lives: the light was dim,—
 I do not know
 If I had found some footprints of the way;
 They will not heed; they care not what I say,
 Before I go.

I sought to lift the little ones; I said,
 "Before I go,
 If I might help, in the good gardener's stead,
 One blossom grow!"
 But I was weak; oftentimes I stumbled, fell;
 They seek a stouter guide. Sweet souls, fare-
 well,
 Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,
 Before I go;
 But still the chords rang false; some jar of fear,
 Some jangling woe.
 The saddest is, I cannot weave one chord
 To float into their hearts my last warm word,
 Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell,
 Before I go,
 That one warm word,— how I have loved them
 well,
 Ah, loved them so!
 And would have done for them some little good;
 Have sought it long; still seek,— if but I
 could!
 Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing, on the beach at play:
 "Before I go,"
 He begs the beckoning mother, "let me stay
 One shell to throw!"
 'Tis coming night; the great sea climbs the
 shore,—
 "Ah, let me toss one little pebble more,
 Before I go!"

From The British Quarterly Review.
HUGH MILLER.*

WHAT strikes us as most admirable in Hugh Miller is, that he was a man of genius and yet a man of sense. There has been, and will be, diversity of opinion as to the value or even the existence of his genius, but there can be no doubt as to the robust and masculine character of his mind. When we think of him we recall what Macaulay said of Cromwell, "He was emphatically a man." He possessed, in an eminent degree, that "equally-diffused intellectual health" which can no more be acquired by effort or artifice than a sound physical constitution can be obtained by the use of drugs. So often, of late, has genius been freakish, whimsical, fantastic — evinced a perverse contempt for the moderation and equipoise of truth — substituted feminine vehemence of assertion for clear statement and rational inference — nay, seemed to hover on the very verge of madness — that we are disposed to accommodate ourselves to considerable defect in startling and meteoric qualities on the part of one who, while veritably possessing genius, was distinguished for sagacity, manliness, and the avoidance of extremes.

But was Hugh Miller a man of genius? We see not how any but an affirmative answer can be returned to the question. Metaphysical people may perplex themselves with attempts to define genius, but no practical evil can ensue from the application of the word "genius" to qualities of mind, unique either in nature or in degree. It is correct to speak of mathematical genius when we mean an altogether extraordinary capacity for solving mathematical problems. It is correct to speak of poetical genius when we mean an inborn tunefulness of nature which awakens to vocal melody at the sight of beauty or the touch of pathos. When we say Hugh Miller was a man of genius, we mean that, take him all in all, in his life, in his character, in his books, he was unique. In a remote Highland village, one of the quietest, least important places in the world, amid

a simple, ruminating population, with no Alpine grandeur of surrounding scenery or stirring memorials of local life, the sea-captain's son is born. Nothing in the history of his father's house for generations affords suggestion of an hereditary gift of expression; and though his mother had a fund of ghost-stories and delighted to tell them, she passed among her neighbours for an entirely undistinguished, commonplace woman. And yet, before he was ten years old, the child Hugh would quit his boyish companions for the sea-shore, and there saunter for hours, pouring forth blank-verse effusions about sea-fights, ghosts, and desert islands. A peculiar imaginative susceptibility and a passion for expression revealed themselves in him from his infancy. The strong bent of his nature regulated his education. He is bookish — his fairy tales, voyages, "Pilgrim's Progress," Bible stories, afford him enchanting pleasure — but he will pay no attention to the books which his school-master puts into his hand. He is the dunce of the school, yet his classfellows hang on his lips while he charms them with extemporised narratives, and in the wood and the caves he is acknowledged as the leader of them all. His mind is ever open; at every moment knowledge is streaming in upon him; but the whole method of his intellectual growth is conditioned from within, through the peremptory determinations of his inborn spiritual force and personality. At all hours he is an observer of nature, and acquires, without knowing it, a perfect familiarity with every living thing — bird, beast, fish, reptile, insect, as well as with every tree, plant, flower, and stone, which are to be met with from the pine-wood on the cliff, to the wet sand left by the last wave of the retreating tide upon the shore. He thus grows up a naturalist. With a mind opulently furnished, and well acquainted even with books, he nevertheless finds himself, when his boyhood and early youth are spent, entirely unqualified to proceed to College. He chooses the trade of a mason, but the irresistible bent of his nature is obeyed even in this choice, for he knew that masons in the Highlands of Scotland did not work in the winter months, and in these he

* (1). *Life and Letters of Hugh Miller*, By PETER BAYNE, A.M. 2 vols. Strahan and Co.
(2). *Works of Hugh Miller*. Nimmo.

would betake himself to his beloved pen. For fifteen years he worked as a mason, earning his bread by steady, effective labour, but aware all the time of a power within him, a force of giant mould imprisoned beneath the mountain of adverse circumstance, which, he doubted not, would one day make itself known to the world. This vague prophecy in his heart, which surely was the voice of his genius speaking within him, was fulfilled. Sorcerers in the old time professed to show visions of the past and future in magic mirrors; but the true magical mirror is the mind of genius; and when Hugh Miller's contemporaries beheld, reflected in the mirror of his mind, lifted from the profound obscurity in which they had formerly slept and set in vivid clearness before the eyes of the world, the little town he loved, the Sutors, the bay, the hill, they felt that the one Cromarty man of all generations who had done this was possessed of genius. With this decision we rest content.

The true greatness of Hugh Miller lay, however in his moral qualities. Here we may give our enthusiasm the rein. There was a rare nobleness, a rare blending of magnanimity, rectitude and gentleness, in this man. His affections were at once tender and constant, and when you search the very deeps of his soul, you find in it no malice, no guile, no greed, nothing which can be called base or selfish. We are struck with admiration as we mark the high tones of his mind, his superiority to all vulgar ambitions. There has probably been some romancing about the peasant nobles of Scotland, but in Hugh Miller, the journeyman mason, and in his uncles James and Sandy, the one a saddler, the other a wood-cutter, we have three men who, so long as the mind is the standard of the man, will be classed with the finest type of gentleman. It is greatly to the honour of Scotland, and of the old evangelical religion of Scotland, that she produced such men. Hugh Miller's uncles performed for him a father's part, and he learned from them, not so much through formal instruction as by a certain contagion—to use the phrase in which the Londoners, a hundred years ago, in their inscription on Blackfriars Bridge, described

with felicitous precision the manner of Pitt's influence on his contemporaries—that sensitive uprightness, that manly independence, and that love of nature, by which he was distinguished. The ambition of money-making, which as it were naturally and inevitably suggests itself to a youth of parts in an English village, never seems to have so much as presented itself to the mind of Hugh Miller. In cultivating the spiritual faculties of his soul, in adding province after province to the empire of his mind, lay at once the delight and the ambition of this young mechanic. He aspired to fame, but his conception of fame was pure and lofty. Of the vanity which feeds on notoriety he had no trace, and cared not for reputation if he could not deliberately accept it as his due. A proud man he was; perhaps, at times, too sternly proud; but from the myriad pains and pettinesses which have their root in vanity, he was conspicuously free. Very beautiful also is the unaffected delight which this rough-handed mason takes in the aspects of nature. It has none of that sickness or excess which strong men admit to have more or less characterized the enthusiasm for the freshness of spring and the splendour of summer of what has been called the London school of poetry. In the rapture with which Keats sang of trees and fields, there is something of the nature of calenture. Pent in the heart of London, he thought of the crystal brook; and the wood-hyacinths with a weeping fondness, instinct indeed with finest melody, but akin to that sick and melancholy joy with which the sailor in mid-ocean gazes on the waste of billows, gazes and still gazes until on their broad green sides the little meadow at his father's cottage door with its grey willows and white may-thorns seems to smile out on his tear-filled eyes. Had Keats run about the hills and played in the twilight woods as a little boy, he would not have loved nature less, but his poetical expression of that love would not have struck masculine intellects as verging on the lachrymose and the fantastic. Nature to Miller was a constant joy, a part of the wonted aliment of his soul, an aspiring, elevated influence, strengthening him for the tasks of life.

"I remember," he writes of the days of his youth,

"how my happiness was enhanced by every little bird that burst out into sudden song among the trees, and then as suddenly became silent, or by every bright-scaled fish that went darting through the topaz-coloured depths of the water, or rose for a moment over its calm surface,—how the blue sheets of hyacinths that carpeted the openings in the wood delighted me, and every golden-tinted cloud that gleamed over the setting sun, and threw its bright flush on the river, seemed to inform the heart of a heaven beyond."

The mason lad who could feel thus had little to envy in the gold of the millionaire or the title of the aristocrat. Well did the ancients match sound and sense in that phrase, *sancta simplicitas*; such simplicity of soul is indeed holy and healing.

The sterling worth and fine moral quality of Miller are brought out in his relations with his friends. Of passion in the common sense he was singularly void, and there is no evidence that, until he passed his thirtieth year, female beauty once touched his heart. But his affection for his friends was ardent to the degree of passion, and constant as it was ardent. Both autobiographers and biographers are apt to paint up the youthful friendships of their heroes, and we are glad that Mr. Bayne has been able to verify, and more than verify, by infallible documentary evidence, all that, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," Miller tells us of his relations to his two friends, William Ross and John Swanson. Ross was perhaps the most finely gifted of the three, but the circumstances of his birth were hopelessly depressing. His parents were sunk in the lowest depths of poverty; but this was not the worst; his constitution was so feeble that sustained and resolute effort was for him a physical impossibility. Amid the debility of his bodily energies there burned, with strange, sad, piercing radiance, the flame of genius. With exquisite accuracy of discernment he took the measure of Miller, pointing out to him where his strength lay and where his weakness. He knew his own powers, also, but saw that Miller had stamina while he had none; and, with tragic pathos, ac-

cused himself of indolence and vacillation, when his only fault was that he was dying. Delicately organized in all respects, he displayed a musical faculty more usual among peasant boys in Italy than in Scotland, made himself a fife and clarinet of elder-shoots, and became one of the best flute-players in the district. From the little damp room in which Ross slept during his apprenticeship to a house-painter, Miller used to hear the sweet sounds on which his soul rose for the time above all its sorrows. He had a fine appreciation, too, of the beauty of landscape. "I have seen him," says Miller, "awed into deep solemnity, in our walks, by the rising moon, as it peered down upon us over the hill, red and broad and cloud-encircled, through the interstices of some clump of dark firs; and have observed him become suddenly silent, as, emerging from the moonlight woods, we looked into a rugged dell, and saw, far beneath, the slim rippling streamlet gleaming in the light, like a narrow strip of the *aurora borealis* shot athwart a dark sky, when the steep, rough sides of the ravine, on either hand, were enveloped in gloom." Ross had educated his faculty of æsthetic perception and of art-criticism by study of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, Gessner's *Letters*, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Lectures*. Miller describes him as looking constantly on nature with the eye of the artist, signalling and selecting the characteristic beauties of the landscape. This habit of imaginative composition would, we believe, have been fixed on by the most accomplished instructors in the art of painting at this moment in Europe, as the best proof that could be given by Ross of the possession of artistic genius. Turner was at all times a composer, and never painted a leaf with photographic correctness. But the poverty of William Ross condemned him to the drudgery of a house-painter, and he had no teaching in the higher departments of art. He proceeded to Edinburgh, and thence to Glasgow, his fine talent distinguishing him from ordinary workmen, and enabling him to procure work of such delicacy that he could continue it when too weak to engage in the usual tasks of house-painting. Thought-

ful and kind, he assisted a brother-workman who was dying by his side, and having shielded his friend from want, and soothed his last moments, he followed him speedily to the grave.

John Swanson was of a different build, physically and intellectually, from Ross. His characteristic was energy of mind and of body. He was a distinguished student at the University, an athlete in mathematics, an acute metaphysician; but the mystic fire of genius, which Miller saw in the eye of Ross, and which he believed to have fallen on himself, threw none of its prismatic colouring over the framework of Swanson's mind. He was the first of the three to come under strong religious impressions. Abandoning philosophical subtleties, and accepting, with the whole force of his robust mind, the salvation offered by Christ, he pressed upon Miller with importunate earnestness the heavenly treasure which himself had found. He was not at first successful. Steady labour, indeed, in the quarry, and in the hewing shed, had chastened the youthful wildness of Miller, and he had become, though not religious, at least reverent and thoughtful. As Swanson's appeals took effect, the early religious teaching of his uncles, which had probably lain dormant in his mind, asserted its influence. He does not appear to have been conscious of this fact, and indeed it was not the catechetical instruction, but the personal example of his uncles, that told upon him. At all events, after hesitating and playing shy, he was fairly brought to a stand by Swanson; and though he underwent no paroxysm of religious excitement, a profound change took place in his character, a change which penetrated to the inmost depths of his nature, changed the current of his being, and was regarded by himself as his conversion. He was thus knit in still closer fellowship with Swanson, and their friendship continued uninterrupted until his death. Had his opinions not taken this shape, it seems likely that he would have become daringly sceptical. He had assuredly, to use the words of Coleridge, skirted the deserts of infidelity. - He was familiar with the writings of Hume, whose argument against miracles defines to this hour the position taken up by all who, on scientific grounds, deny the supernatural origin of Christianity. There was a time when he fancied himself an atheist, and the profane affectation might have deepened into reality. But after his correspondence with Swanson, he never wavered. The consideration which, from an

intellectual point of view, chiefly influenced him in pronouncing Christianity Divine, was two-fold. Christianity, he said, was no *cunningly* devised fable. It offended man at too many points—it seemed too palpably to contradict his instincts of justice—to have been invented by man. At the same time, it was fitted, with exquisite nicety of adaptation, and with measureless amplitude of comprehension, to meet the wants of man's spiritual nature. Man neither would nor could have created it, any more than he could or would have created manna; but when he took of it, and did eat, he found that it was angels' food, making him, though his steps were still through the wilderness of this world, the brother of angels. Miller has not in any of his writings elaborated this idea with the fullness of exposition, defence and illustration which the importance of the part it played in his system of thought might render desirable; but it is obvious that it would, for him, not only silence the arguments which had previously seemed to tell against Christianity, but array them on the side of belief. The more offensive and contradictory Christianity might be to natural reason and conscience, the stronger would be the logical chain by which he was drawn to infer its supernatural origin. The courses of the stars might appear to him a maze of lawless and inadmissible movements, but when he steered his little boat by them, he was led safely across dark billows and perilous currents; clearly, therefore, One who understood the whole matter infinitely better than he had put together the time-piece of the heavens. Such was his argument, and it is not without force. Practically his religion consisted in an inexpressible enthusiasm of devotion to Christ. The term which he uniformly applies to the Saviour is "The Adorable," and he dwelt, with lingering, wondering, rejoicing affection on the sympathy of the Man Christ Jesus with human wants and weaknesses. Seldom have the efforts of friendship been more nobly crowned than were those of John Swanson when this radical change took place in the spiritual condition of Hugh Miller.

His relations with Swanson and with Ross attest the warmth and constancy of his affections; but the gentleness of his nature does not fully dawn upon us until we read his letters to Miss Dunbar, and understand the friendship which subsisted between him and that lady. She was many years his senior, and as the sister of a Scottish Baronet, Sir Alexander

Dunbar, of Boath, and a Tory of the old school, we should have expected her to be shy of poetical masons. Something in Miller's verses, however, attracted her, and a singularly tender and romantic friendship sprang up between them. On his side, it was confined to affectionate appreciation and admiring esteem; but she wrote to him with the tenderness of a mother, and did not scruple to tell him that he was the dearest friend she had in the world. His letters to her are not distinguished by originality or by extraordinary power; but they abound in delineations of nature, poetic in their loveliness; they are just in thought, and faultless in feeling; and in literary style they are perhaps, on the whole, the most melodious and beautiful of his compositions. Like his other writings these letters are full of self-portrayal, and the face which, with pensive, fascinating smile, seems to beam on us from the page, is that of a right noble and loveable man. We feel that this mason is a gentleman; a gentleman of the finest strain; one whose gentleness is of the heart, and manifests itself, not in the polished urbanity of cities which often hides a bad and cold nature, but in a vigilant kindness, a manly deference, and above all, a delicate sympathy. The few words of reference to Hugh Miller occurring incidentally in Dr. McCosh's recollections of Bunsen, and published in the biography of the latter — which, by the way, seem to us to cast a more vivid light upon the man than the far lengthier recollections of Miller by Dr. McCosh, printed in Mr. Bayne's biography — specify the intense sweetness and fascination belonging to his presence. Despite his rugged exterior, his shaggy head and rough-hewn features, his mason's apron, his slowly enunciated speech, and his somewhat heavy manner, this fascination was felt by all who had an opportunity of experiencing it.

We hinted that he was singularly devoid of sensibility to the charm of female beauty. In this respect he presents a marked contrast to Burns, and indeed to most men of powerful intellect and vivid imagination. But he loved once, and then he loved with all the intensity of his nature. At the time when his name was beginning to be known through the north of Scotland as that of one who had a future, Miss Lydia Fraser, ten years his junior, arrived in Cromarty. She was possessed of no small personal beauty, had received a good education, was addicted to intellectual pursuits, wrote fluently both in prose and verse, and was gifted with re-

markable acuteness and clearness of mind. Her temperament was more mercurial than Miller's; he was more capable of patient thought, and, on the whole, more solidly able. It may be doubted whether a pair thus matched enjoyed the surest prospect of happiness in the married state, but it is evident that they were precisely in the position to strike up a romantic friendship. He was the literary lion of Cromarty, she the gifted beauty of the place; their friendship and their love were as much in the order of nature as that of Tenfelsdröckh and Blumine, though happily it had no such tragic conclusion. The gifted beauty could not help pausing in her walk to have a few words with the poetic mason as he hewed in the churchyard, his head sure to be full of some book or subject, his eye quick to catch every new light of beauty that fell upon the landscape. They soon found that they were more to each other than friends, and thereupon difficulties manifold interfered with their meeting. The young lady's mother was startled at the idea that her daughter should bestow her affections on a horn-handed mechanic, even though he had issued a volume of poems, a volume much praised, not so much bought, and already looked on almost with contempt by its sternly critical author. Miller, for his own part, had no wish to rise in the world. With a philosophy antique and astonishing in these restless times, he had arrived at the conclusion that the world had nothing to offer which would make him substantially happier than he was while hewing on the hill of Cromarty. Had he not the skies and the sea, the wood and the shore, and had not the whole world of literature and science been thrown open to him when he learned to read? His wants were perfectly simple, and exceedingly few, and were supplied to the utmost. He could be quite happy in a cave with a boulder for table, and a stone for chair, a book to read and a pot in which to cook his homely fare; he might well be less happy, he could not be more, in a gilded drawing-room.

These pleasing but somewhat effeminate dreams were dissipated by his love for Miss Fraser, as a pretty little garden on the flanks of Etna might be torn to pieces by the heavings of the volcano. He would marry her into the rank of a lady, or he would not marry her, in Scotland at least, at all. If it proved impossible for him to rise in his native country, the lovers would seek a nook in the backwoods, and place the Atlantic between them and the con-

ventional notions and estimates of British society. But the necessity for this step did not occur. Miller was offered a situation in a branch office of the Commercial Bank, which was opened in Cromarty in 1835. He laid down the mallet, not without satisfaction but assuredly with no exultation, and, after a brief initiation in the mysteries of banking at Linlithgow, entered on his duties as bank accountant. Too healthful and honest of nature to trifle in the discharge of any duties which he undertook, he addressed himself with vigorous application to the business of the bank, and found his new situation an admirable post for the study of human nature. It was in conveying the bank's money between Cromarty and Tain that he first carried fire-arms, a practice which he seems to have almost constantly maintained from this time forward. It was at the time of his joining the bank that his first prose volume, "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," was published. It contains passages of exquisite beauty, and has since attained to considerable popularity; but it was not immediately successful, and added little to the modest income of its author. His marriage took place in the beginning of 1837; he was then thirty-five years old, and had been engaged to Miss Fraser for five years.

Miller was a naturalist from his infancy, in the sense of habitually observing nature and laying up store of natural facts in his memory; but it was not until he had passed his thirtieth year, and until his severe self-censure pronounced him to have failed, first in poetry and secondly in prose literature, that he conscientiously and with the whole force of his mind devoted himself to science. His mental changes and processes were never sudden, and there was a transition period, during which he hesitated between literature and science; but when his resolution had once been taken, he cast no look behind. With intense, absorbing, impassioned energy, he gave himself to the pursuit of science. His experience in the quarry — of quite inestimable value to him as a geologist — determined his choice of a scientific province for special culture. His progress was wonderfully rapid. The geological nomenclature which he found in books served to classify and formalise knowledge which he had already acquired, and opened his eyes to the fact that he was a geologist. But for the interruption of his plans, by the agitation which issued in the disruption of the Scottish State Church in 1843, and his being summoned to Edinburgh to under-

take the conduct of the *Witness* newspaper, he would have published a treatise on the geology of the Cromarty district at least a year earlier than the date at which he became known to the public as a man of science.

It reminds us how fast and how far the world has travelled in the last thirty years to note that, in the year 1840, Hugh Miller was an enthusiast for the State Church of Scotland. There are no enthusiastic believers in the State Church theory, or what Miller called the "establishment principle," now. The most logical and consistent members of the State Church of England avow that her chance of vindicating her claim to the name and privilege of a Church depends upon her ceasing to be a State Church; and the back of the Established Church of Scotland was broken by the disruption. Sensible men, with nothing of the revolutionist in their composition, are now generally of opinion that the days of both our ecclesiastical establishments are numbered. The opinion, also, would be generally assented to, that it is when viewed as a contribution to the cause of ecclesiastical freedom throughout the United Kingdom, that the disruption of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, in 1843, can be seen to be of historical importance. Of this Hugh Miller had no idea. He accepted the theory of a State Church, and he lent his championship to the majority in the Scottish Church, when contending against the Court of Session, because he believed that the compact agreed upon between Church and State in Scotland, at the time of the union of England and Scotland, had been infringed. It would occupy too much space to explain fully to English readers how the State Church of Scotland had become endeared to the people, and was to them a symbol, not of oppression or of bondage, but of freedom. Suffice it to say that the Scottish Reformation of the sixteenth century was thoroughly popular, and essentially Presbyterian; that, in the seventeenth century, the cause of the Presbyterian Church was always the cause of civil freedom; and that, when the Church was finally established, after the expulsion of James II., she emerged from a long period of persecution, during which she had been regarded with reverence and affection by the great body of the Scottish people. Add to this that the lay elders, standing, as they did, on the same level of authority with the clergy in the Church courts, prevented the latter from becoming a mere clerical caste. It was an eminently felicitous

itous circumstance for the Scottish Church, in the "ten years' conflict," that her dispute with the civil authorities turned on the rights of congregations. Her offence in the eyes of the Court of Session and the British Parliament, was that she had, in a manner deemed by them high-handed, asserted the right of congregations to have no ministers thrust upon them against their will. When we think of the profound indifference with which State Churchmen, in England, regard the whole subject of the settlement of ministers—when we observe the stone-like apathy with which they see dawdling youths purchase with a bit of money the privilege of consuming a parochial income and paralyzing for, say thirty years, the spiritual life of a parish—we cannot but contemplate with a mixture of wonder and admiration the intense excitement which thrilled through Scotland when the Evangelical majority in the Church Courts stood up to vindicate the right of the people to be consulted in the choice of their pastors. It was into the popular side of the controversy that Hugh Miller threw his force. The right of the Church of Scotland to govern herself, a right unquestionably conceded to her at the Union, he distinctly maintained; but his most eloquent and effective pleading was in defence of the privileges of congregations. He contributed more perhaps than any other man, to secure for the Church in her struggles with the Courts, and subsequently for the Free Church, the support of the people of Scotland. Strange to say, though one of the principal founders of the Free Church, he had no glimpse of that future of ecclesiastical freedom of which, as we trust, the Free Church has been the harbinger. To the last he talked of the "establishment principle" and the "voluntary principle," and fancied that some ineffable advantage would be derived by the Church from the State, if only the State could be induced to make a just league with the Church, and to stand true to its conditions. This was one of the weakest points in Hugh Miller's system of thought, and it must be allowed to have been a very weak one. If the disruption of the Scottish Presbyterian Church in 1843 proved anything, it proved that, even under the most favourable circumstances, the State Church principle will not work. If two ride upon a horse, one must ride behind, and if Scottish Presbyterians have yet to learn that the State, having established a Church, will sooner or later thrust it into a position of subservience and

slavery, they may be pronounced unteachable upon that subject.

But it was our intention to speak of Hugh Miller almost exclusively as a man of science, and we have lingered too long upon other phases of his history. His scientific talent was, we think, of a high order. It consisted mainly in an admirable faculty of observation, keen, clear, exact, comprehensive. He was habitually, and at all moments, an observer. Mr. James Robertson, a gentleman who knew him intimately and walked much with him in 1834, states, in some valuable recollections of Miller, contributed to Mr. Bayne's biography, that he, Mr. R., soon remarked how vividly alive he was to the appearances of nature, darting now at a pebble in the bed of a brook, now at a plant by the wayside, never for one moment suspending his inquisition into the scene of wonders spread around him. Such being his habit of observation, two conditions only were required in order that he might become famous as a man of science, first, that the district in which he pursued his researches had not been exhausted by previous explorers; secondly, that he possessed a literary faculty adequate to the communication of his knowledge. He was fortunate in both respects. The Cromarty district afforded extraordinary opportunities of observation in a department of the geological record until then but partially known. The Old Red Sandstone system had only begun to attract the attention of geologists. The Silurian system, below it, had been successfully explored; the Carboniferous system, above it, had been penetrated in all directions for its treasures of coal, and geologists had large acquaintance with its organisms; but the Old Red Sandstone had been comparatively overlooked. Miller found himself in the neighbourhood of good sections of the formation, and studied them with the utmost care and assiduity. His journeyings as a mason had made him familiar with the rocky framework of the north of Scotland, into which the Old Red Sandstone largely enters. He was able, therefore, on claiming recognition as a man of science, to tender a highly important contribution to the world's knowledge of one of the great geological systems. His name is imperishably inscribed among the original workers in the Old Red Sandstone, along with those of Sedgwick, Agassiz, and Murchison. His specific contribution was connected with the ichthyic organisms of the system, and no contribution could have been more important. The Old Red

Sandstone system is distinguished, biologically, as that in which the vertebrate kingdom, in its lowest or fish division, was first prominently developed; and the most niggardly estimate of the achievement of Miller, as a geologist, must recognize that the discoverer of *Pterichthys* first called the attention of scientific men to the enormous wealth of the Old Red Sandstone in fish. If this is so, it will be difficult to refuse the addition that he determined the character of the formation. There are fish in the upper beds of the Silurian system, but the characteristic organisms are molluscan and crustacean; there are traces of reptile existence in the Old Red, but its characteristic organisms are fish.

Unquestionably, the sudden rise of Miller into eminence and reputation as a geologist, was due, in some measure to the exquisite clearness and picturesqueness of his style. From his boyhood he had made it one of his chief aims to perfect his literary workmanship. He had striven to attain skill in writing, as an enthusiastic painter strives to attain skill in the technical art of realizing form and laying on colour. His descriptions of fossil organisms surprised and delighted scientific men, while the imaginative boldness and breadth with which he depicted the landscapes of the remote past fascinated general readers. After all, it may be doubted whether the extreme elaboration and minuteness with which he described individual organisms, such as the *Pterichthys*, was not labour lost. A carefully executed wood-cut conveys a more correct and impressive idea of the creature than any words which could be devised. At all events, the descriptions of fossil organisms in the works of Hugh Miller are as exact and vivid as any in the English language.

We spoke of the sincerity and earnestness of his religion. He had in fact that quality of the true man, that he could be nothing by halves. His religion was what genuine religion always is, a fire warming his whole nature, and mingling with every operation of his mind. He was thoroughly acquainted with the works of Hume, and had felt their subtle and searching power. He had skirted, as we said, the howling solitudes of infidelity, and now having, as he devoutly believed, been led by a Divine hand to the green pastures and living waters and healthful, habitable lands of faith, the central ambition of his life, never asleep in his breast, was to lead others to the refuge which he

had found. He could not read in God's book of nature without thinking of God, and endeavouring to trace the marks of His finger, and looking for smooth stones to be put into his sling, and aimed at the foreheads of the enemies of the faith. He had no sooner mastered the logic of geology, and formed a conception of the platforms of life which have been unveiled by the science in the remoteness of the past, than he began to perceive, or think that he perceived, certain positions afforded by it, which the defender of revealed religion might take up with much advantage in carrying on the conflict with infidelity. Of these, the best known is his scheme for reconciling the Mosaic account of the creation of the heavens and the earth with the conclusions of geologic science. This subject is disposed of in the "Life and Letters" in a single sentence; we think it deserved, and propose to devote to it, more space and attention.

Miller frankly avowed that the view which he originally held as to the scientific interpretation of the first chapter of the Book of Genesis had been modified. He had believed, with Chalmers and Buckland, that the six days were natural days of twenty-four hours each; that the operations performed in them had reference to the world as inhabited by man; that a "great chaotic gap" separated the "latest of the geologic ages" from the human period; and that Scripture contained no account whatever of those myriads of ages during which the several geological formations came into the state in which we now find them. As his geological knowledge extended, and in particular, when he engaged in close personal inspection of the Tertiary and Posttertiary formations, he perceived that the hypothesis of a chaotic period, dividing the present from the past, in the history of our planet, was untenable. "No blank chaotic gap of death and darkness," thus he announces the result of his investigations, "separated the creation to which man belongs from that of the old extinct elephant, hippopotamus, and hyæna; for familiar animals, such as the red deer, the roe, the fox, the wild-cat, and the badger, lived throughout the period which connected their times with our own; and so I have been compelled to hold that the days of creation were not natural, but prophetic days, and stretched far back into the bygone eternity."

It was legitimate for theologians, sixty years ago, to put their trust in the theory of a chaotic state of the planet immediately before the commencement of the

human period, and to allege that Scripture had folded up all reference to preceding geological ages, in the words "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The authority of Cuvier was then supreme in the world of science, and Cuvier held that "not much earlier than 5,000 or 6,000 years ago" the surface of the globe underwent a sudden and subversive catastrophe. But no theologian who now maintains this hypothesis can place his theology on a level with the scientific acquirement of the day. Dr. Kurtz is the only theologian of any standing who is known to us as still holding the view of Chalmers; and if we were asked how a person accurately acquainted with geological science might best obtain a conception of the untenability of the theory of a recent chaos, we should advise him to read Dr. Kurtz's defence of the hypothesis. The German divine repeatedly specifies 6,000 years as the period during which man and the existing order of terrestrial beings have occupied our planet. "According to the Scriptures," he says, "the present order of things has existed for nearly 6,000 years." He has a theory of his own on the subject of fossils. "The types buried in the rocks were not destined to continue perpetually, or else have not attained their destination." They were mere transient phenomena. It would be difficult to put into language a proposition more inconsistent with geological fact. The species of the Silurian mollusca have changed, but mollusca of Silurian type abound at this hour. Evidence amounting almost to absolute demonstration identifies the *globigerina* of the Atlantic mud of to-day with the *globigerina* of the Cretaceous system; and Sir Charles Lyell calculates that the Cretaceous system came to an end 80,000,000 years ago. Pronouncing the types of the past evanescent, Dr. Kurtz pronounces the types of the present permanent. The creatures called into existence on the six days of Genesis, which last he holds to have been natural days, "were intended to continue, and not to perish, and their families were not to be petrified in strata, but each individual was to decay in the ordinary manner, so that their bones have mostly passed away without leaving any trace." This is a pure imagination. There is no reason to believe that the petrificative agencies are less active at present than they were in by-gone geological epochs. The essential and irreconcilable discrepancy, however, between the views of Dr. Kurtz and the conclusions of

geology, consists in his assumption of a universal deluge, sweeping away all life, and leaving the surface of the world a *tabula rasa*, immediately before the appearance of man. He speaks of "a flood, which destroyed and prevented all life, and after the removal of which the present state of the earth, with its plants, animals, and man, was immediately restored." With marvellous simplicity he declares that "the only thing" he "demands," "and which no geological theory can or will deny," is that "the globe was covered with water" before the appearance of man "and the present plants and animals." There is no geologist deserving the name at present alive who would admit this proposition; and we suppose that a large majority of living geologists would maintain that the earth has certainly not been covered with water since the time of those forests whose remains are preserved for us in Devonian strata. To name one among many proofs, the state of the fauna of the Atlantic islands, Madeira and the Desertas, demonstrates that the earth has not been enveloped by the ocean for a period compared with which Dr. Kurtz's 6,000 years dwindle into insignificance. Geology pronounces as decisively against the occurrence of a universal chaos upon earth 6,000 years ago as against the accumulation of all the strata of the earth's crust in six natural days. There is no sense recognizable by geological science in which the word "beginning" can be applied to the condition presented by the surface of the earth at any period nearly so recent as 6,000 years ago.

According to the theory of Mosaic geology ultimately adopted by Hugh Miller, the "beginning" spoken of in the first verse of the Bible corresponds to that period when the planet, wrapt in primeval fires, was about to enter upon the series of changes which is inscribed in the geologic record. The chaos, dark and formless, which preceded the dawn of organic existence upon earth, was no temporary inundation, no miraculous catastrophe, but an actual state of things of which the evidence still exists in the rocks. Strictly speaking, indeed, the term "chaos" has no scientific meaning. Science is acquainted with no period in time, no locality in space, where there has been a general suspension of law; and it may be worthy of remark that, although Scripture speaks of the original state of things as without form and void, there is no hint that it was beyond control of Divine and natural ordinance. Relatively to man, however, and

to those changes in the structure and organisms of the planet which the geologist chronicles, the fiery vesture, in which advocates of the Age theory of reconciliation between Genesis and geology allege the earth to have been at one time enveloped, constitutes an interruption to all research, a commencement of all that can be called scientific discovery. If it could be shown that the first chapter of Genesis contains an intelligible and accurate account of the changes which have taken place in the crust of the earth from the time when form first rose out of formlessness, and light sprang from darkness, to the time when man began to build his cities and till his fields, no candid judge would refuse to admit that the problem presented by the chapter had been satisfactorily solved, and that the chapter itself formed a sublimely appropriate vestibule to the temple of Revelation.

Let us state Miller's conception of the meaning and scientific support of the first chapter of Genesis in his own words:—

"What may be termed," we quote from the *Testimony of the Rocks*, "the three geologic days—the third, fifth, and sixth—may be held to have extended over those Carboniferous periods during which the great plants were created—over those Oolitic and Cretaceous periods during which the great sea-monsters and birds were created—and over those Tertiary periods during which the great terrestrial mammals were created. For the intervening, or fourth day, we have that wide space represented by the Permian and Triassic periods, which, less conspicuous in their floras than the periods that went immediately before, and less conspicuous in their faunas than the periods that came immediately after, were marked by the decline and ultimate extinction of the Palæozoic forms, and the first partially developed beginnings of the secondary ones. And for the first and second days there remains the great Azoic period, during which the immensely developed gneisses, mica-schists, and primary clay-slates were deposited, and the two extended periods represented by the Silurian and Old Red Sandstone systems. These, taken together, exhaust the geological scale, and may be named in their order as, first, the Azoic day or period; second, the Silurian, or Old Red Sandstone day, or period; third, the Carboniferous day, or period; fourth, the Permian or Triassic day, or period; and sixth, the Tertiary day, or period."

It is important to observe that Miller here expressly fits into his scheme the work of each of the six days. In another passage he remarks that it is specifically his task, as a geologist, to account for the

operations of the third, fifth, and sixth days, and this circumstance has occasioned the mistake, which has crept into so respectable a work as Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," that he did not profess to explain the creative proceedings of the first, second, and fourth days. In the passage we have quoted he assigns to each successive day its distinctive character and work. The entire scheme, then, may be thrown into a single sentence. A beginning of formlessness and fire, indefinite in duration; a first and second day, not discriminated by Miller from each other, during which light, though created, did not reach the surface of our planet, but gradually struggled through the thick enveloping canopy of steam rising from a boiling ocean; a third day, in which an enormous development of vegetable life took place, a development due in part to the warm and humid atmosphere, which no clear sunbeam could as yet penetrate; a fourth day, marked by the emergence of sun, moon, and stars in unclouded splendour, but by no striking phenomena of organic life; a fifth day, in which the most imposing features in the creative procession were sea-monsters and birds; and a sixth day, in which huge mammals crowded the stage of existence, and man appeared. Each of these days is, of course, supposed to have occupied an indefinite number of years.

It is obviously the principle or method of this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology to look for points in the Mosaic narrative which correspond with the facts revealed by geology. The words in the Scriptural account are few; are they so express, vivid, and characteristic that they epitomise, as in a Divine telegram, the geological history of millions of years? A consummate artist looks upon a face and throws a few strokes, quick as lightning, upon his canvas. The countenance seems to live. Revelings of character, which we might have required years to trace, flash on us from the eye, and chronicles of passion are written in a speck of crimson on the lip. The portrait is only a sketch; weeks or months might be spent in elaborating its colour, and perfecting its gradations of light and shade; but not the less, on this account, does it accurately correspond with the original, and show the man to those who knew him. The advocates of the Age theory of Mosaic geology maintain that, few as are the touches in the pictured history of the world in the first chapter of Genesis, the geologist can recognize them as unmistak-

ably true to the facts of the past. The correspondence alleged to exist has been illustrated in yet another fashion. Look upon a mountainous horizon, in the far distance, on a clear day, and you perceive a delicate film of blue or pearly grey, relieved against the sky. The outline of that film, faint though it be, is, for every kind of mountain range, more or less characteristic. The horizon line of the primaries will be serrated, peaked, and jagged. The horizon line of the metamorphic hills, though fantastic, will have more of curve and undulation. The horizon of the tertiaries will be in long sweeps, and tenderly modulated, far-stretching lines. Those minute jags and points of the primaries are dizzy precipices and towering peaks. The glacier is creeping on under that filmy blue; the avalanche is thundering in that intense silence. Rivers that will channel continents and separate nation from nation, bound along in foaming cataracts, where you perceive only that the tender amethyst of the sky has taken a deeper tinge. That undulating line of the crystalline hills tells of broad, dreary moors, dark, sullen streams, sparse fields of stunted corn. That sweeping, melting, waving line of the tertiaries tells of stately forest and gardened plain, of lordly mansions and bustling villages. The Mosaic record, as interpreted by the advocates of the Age theory, gives the *horizon lines* of successive geological eras. Its descriptions, they maintain, are correct, viewed as horizon lines. They convey the largest amount of knowledge concerning the several periods which could possibly be conveyed under the given conditions. Such is the method or logic of the Age theory of Mosaic geology; and it is manifest that, whatever may be its scientific value, it is no more to be refuted by the mention of geological facts which the Mosaic record does not specify, than the accuracy of a map, constructed on the scale of half an inch to the hundred miles, would be impugned by proving that it omitted a particular wood, rock, hill, or village.

It is indispensable to the establishment of this theory, that the geological changes which the earth has undergone, shall admit of being arranged in certain divisions. The lines of demarcation between these may be drawn within wide limits of variation; but should it become an unquestioned truth of geologic science that absolute uniformity of phenomena has reigned in our world so long as the geologist traces its history, the Age theory would be untenable. The theory does not re-

quire that the "solutions of continuity" should be abrupt or catastrophic. On the contrary, the "morning" and "evening" of the Mosaic record suggest gradation; and the pause of night, with its silence, its slumber, its gathering up of force for new outgoings of the creative energy, by no means suggests cataclysm or revolution. But the days or periods, though they may melt into each other with the tender modulation of broad billows on a calming sea, must possess a true differentiation, and cannot be accepted by those who believe in absolute geological uniformitarianism. We are not sure, however, that any geologists profess this creed, and the views propounded by very eminent geologists on the nature of the changes which have taken place on the earth appear to us to satisfy the requirements of the Age theory, in respect of division and succession. In the sixth edition of his "Elements of Geology" Sir Charles Lyell writes thus:—"Geology, although it cannot prove that other planets are peopled with appropriate races of living beings, has demonstrated the truth of conclusions scarcely less wonderful—the existence on our planet of so many habitable surfaces, or worlds, as they have been called, each distinct in time, and peopled with its peculiar races of aquatic and terrestrial beings." He proceeds to state that living nature, with its "inexhaustible variety," displaying "infinite wisdom and power," is "but the last of a great series of pre-existing creations." Mr. Darwin, in the fourth edition of his "Origin of Species," makes the weighty remark that "scarcely any palæontological discovery is more striking than the fact, that the forms of life change almost simultaneously throughout the world." Qualifying his words by the statement that they apply chiefly to marine forms of life, and that the simultaneity referred to, does not necessarily fall within "the same thousandth or hundred-thousandth year," he writes as follows:—

"The fact of the forms of life changing simultaneously, in the above large sense, at distant parts of the world, has greatly struck those admirable observers, MM. de Verneuil and d'Archiac. After referring to the parallelism of the palæozoic forms of life in various parts of Europe, they add, 'If struck by this strange sequence, we turn our attention to North America, and there discover a series of analogous phenomena, it will appear certain that all these modifications of species, their extinction, and the introduction of new ones, cannot be owing to mere changes in marine currents, or other causes more or less local and temporary,

but depend on general laws which govern the whole animal kingdom.' M. Barrande has made forcible remarks to precisely the same effect. It is indeed, quite futile to look to changes of currents, climate, or other physical conditions, as the cause of these great mutations in the forms of life throughout the world, under the most different climates."

Mr. Darwin holds that "looking to a remotely future epoch," the later tertiaries, namely, "the upper pliocene, the pleistocene and strictly modern beds of Europe, North and South America, and Australia, from containing fossil remains, in some degree allied, and from not including those forms which are only found in the older under-lying deposits, would be correctly ranked as simultaneous, in a geological sense."

These statements afford, we think, a sufficient basis for the general scheme of Mosaic geology which we are considering; and it may be remarked that the latest of the geological epochs of simultaneity, as defined by Mr. Darwin, would agree indifferently well with the last of the Mosaic days or periods, as defined by Hugh Miller.

There is yet another proposition which must be established if the Age theory of Mosaic geology is to be maintained. The scheme depends essentially on the theory of central heat. We saw that Miller undertakes to account for each of the six Mosaic days or periods. As a geologist, indeed, he felt himself to be under a special obligation to explain the creative operations of the third, fifth, and sixth days, that is to say, the day on which vegetable life was created and the successive days on which different orders of vertebrate animals were introduced into the world; but he gives delineations of the prophetic vision of the first two days, and he assigns the occurrences of the fourth day, namely, the appearance of the sun and moon, to the Permian and Triassic periods. In one word, he accepted the responsibility of adapting his scheme of reconciliation to all the day-periods of Genesis, and he was perfectly aware that the hypothesis would require to be rejected if the theory of central heat were invalidated. His geological explanation of the first four days depends explicitly upon the opinion that, at the time when the earth entered upon those changes which are chronicled by geological science, it was under the influence of intense heat, and gradually cooling and solidifying. In the first day thick darkness lay upon the surface of the earth, owing to the canopy of

steam, impermeable by light, under which it lay shrouded. During the second day the light began to penetrate the vapoury veil, and dim curtains of cloud raised themselves from the sea. On the third day the forests, which were heaped up for us into treasuries of coal, came into existence, and Miller accounts for their luxuriance by supposing that the heated and humid state of the atmosphere of the planet, still dependent upon the central fires, favoured their growth. It was not until the fourth day that the blanket of the ancient night was rent asunder, that sun, moon, and stars beamed out, and that a state of the atmosphere and a succession of summer and winter, day and night, identical with those we now witness, began. Possibly enough, had Miller found himself ultimately forced to abandon the theory of central heat, he would have entrenched himself, as in a second line of defence, in the three specially geological day-periods. But he never contemplated an abandonment of the doctrine of central heat. He held that the earth was once a molten mass, and that the series of changes through which it has passed arose naturally out of this fact. The crust of granite he believed to have been enveloped, in the process of cooling, by a heated ocean whose waters held in solution the ingredients of gneiss, mica-schist, hornblende-schist, and clay-slate. The planet gradually matured "from ages in which its surface was a thin earthquake-shaken crust, subject to continual sinkings, and to fiery outbursts of the Plutonic matter, to ages in which it is the very nature of its noblest inhabitant to calculate on its stability as the surest and most certain of all things." In short, he maintained that "there existed long periods in the history of the earth, in which there obtained conditions of things entirely different from any which obtain now — periods during which life, either animal or vegetable, could not have existed on our planet; and further, that the sedimentary rocks of this early age may have derived, even in the forming, a constitution and texture which, in present circumstances, sedimentary rocks cannot receive."

Sir Charles Lyell rejects absolutely the theory of central heat as a mode of accounting for those changes on the terrestrial surface which are classified by geologists. He declares that no kind of rocks known to us can be proved to belong to "a nascent state of the planet." Disclaiming the opinion "that there never was a beginning to the present order of things,"

he nevertheless holds that geologists have found "no decided evidence of a commencement." Granite, gneiss, hornblende-schist, and the rest of the crystalline rocks, "belong not to an order of things which has passed away; they are not the monuments of the primeval period, bearing inscribed upon them in obsolete characters the words and phrases of a dead language; but they teach us that part of the living language of nature, which we cannot learn by our daily intercourse with what passes on the habitable surface."

From the phenomena of precession and nutation, Mr. Hopkins, reasoning mathematically, inferred that the minimum present thickness of the crust of the earth is from 800 to 1,000 miles. This conclusion is the basis of Sir Charles Lyell's opinion respecting the Plutonic agencies which takes part, or have taken part, in the formation of rocks. He shows by diagram that, if even 200 miles are allowed for the thickness of the crust, seas or oceans of lava five miles deep and 5,000 miles long might be represented by lines which, in relation to the mass of the earth, would be extremely unimportant. "The expansion, melting, solidification, and shrinking of such subterranean seas of lava at various depths, might," he contends, "suffice to cause great movements or earthquakes at the surface, and even great rents in the earth's crust several thousand miles long, such as may be implied by the linearly-arranged cones of the Andes, or mountain-chains like the Alps." To invoke the igneous fusion of the whole planet to account for phenomena like these is, therefore, he concludes, to have recourse to a machinery "utterly disproportionate to the effects which it is required to explain."

Sir Charles Lyell derives an argument against the theory of central heat from the consideration that it would, in his opinion, involve the existence of tides in the internal fire-ocean, which tides would register themselves in the swellings and subsidences of volcanoes. "May we not ask," he says, "whether, in every volcano during an eruption, the lava which is supposed to communicate with a great central ocean, would not rise and fall sensibly; or whether, in a crater like Stromboli, where there is always melted matter in a state of ebullition, the ebbing and flowing of the liquid would not be constant?" We venture to remark that this argument does not seem unanswerable. No one denies that the crust is at present consolidated to the depth of at least from thirty to eighty

miles. The capacity of known chemical forces to produce intense heat in this region is not disputed. The eruptions of now active volcanoes might arise, therefore, from processes going on in a part of the crust separated by solidified strata from the internal reservoir of liquid fire, and not accessible to its tides. We might ask also, in turn, whether observations have been made upon volcanoes in a state of eruption, exact enough to determine whether they are or are not influenced by internal tides?

It is affirmed by Mr. David Forbes, in a recent number of *Nature*, that Professor Palmieri stated, as the result of observations made by him during the last eruption of Vesuvius, "that the moon's attraction occasioned tides in the central zone of molten lava, in quite a similar manner as it causes them in the ocean." Mr. Forbes adds that "a further corroboration of this view is seen in the results of an examination of the records of some 7,000 earthquake shocks which occurred during the first half of this century, compiled by Perry, and which, according to him, demonstrate that earthquakes are much more frequent in the conjunction and opposition of the moon than at other times, more so when the moon is near the earth than when it is distant, and also more frequent in the hour of its passage through the meridian." If these statements are correct — and we have no reason to call them in question — the supposed fact, which Sir Charles presumed to tell in his favour, has been converted into an ascertained fact which tells most forcibly against him.

In the latest edition of his "Principles of Geology," Sir Charles Lyell seems, in at least one passage, to assume that this controversy is at an end.

"It must not be forgotten" (these are his words) "that the geological speculations still in vogue respecting the original fluidity of the planet, and the gradual consolidation of its external shell, belong to a period when theoretical ideas were entertained as to the relative age of the crystalline foundations of that shell wholly at variance with the present state of our knowledge. It was formerly imagined that all granite was of very high antiquity, and that rocks such as gneiss, mica-schist, and clay-slate, were also anterior in date to the existence of organic beings on a habitable surface. It was, moreover, supposed that these primitive formations, as they are called, implied a continual thickening of the crust at the expense of the original fluid nucleus. These notions have been universally abandoned. It is now ascertained that the granites of different regions are by no means all of the same antiquity, and it is hardly possible

to prove any one of them to be as old as the oldest known fossil organic remains. It is likewise now admitted, that gneiss and other crystalline strata are sedimentary deposits which have undergone metamorphic action, and they can almost all be demonstrated to be newer than the lately-discovered fossil called *Eozoon Canadense*."

With all deference to one whom we acknowledge to be among the very ablest living geologists, we must say that this language strikes us as more emphatic than the state of the discussion warrants. We do not undertake absolutely to maintain the theory of central heat as explaining the formation of the granitic and metamorphic rocks, but we cannot admit, what Sir Charles seems to imply, that the time has arrived when investigation and experiment on the subject may be relinquished, and the tone of dogmatic confidence assumed. The reasonableness of permitting a certain degree of suspense of judgment regarding it becomes the more evident when we observe that Sir Charles is not prepared to maintain against astronomers that the planet was not originally fluid. "The astronomer," he says,

"may find good reasons for ascribing the earth's form to the original fluidity of the mass in times long antecedent to the first introduction of living beings into the planet; but the geologist must be content to regard the earliest monuments which it is his task to interpret as belonging to a period when the crust had already acquired great solidity and thickness, probably as great as it now possesses, and when volcanic rocks not essentially differing from those now produced, were formed from time to time, the intensity of volcanic heat being neither greater nor less than it is now."

There can be no doubt that astronomers have been startled into something like general protest against the rigid uniformitarianism of Sir Charles Lyell. Differing as they do very widely in their conceptions of the probable manner in which planets are formed, they seem to agree that those bodies have their beginning in heat and in fusion. The phenomena of variable stars, taken in connection with the revelations of spectrum analysis, demonstrate that the combustion and the cooling of starry masses are occurrences not unknown in the economy of the universe. If Sir Charles declines to contest the astronomical position of the original fluidity of the planet, considerable plausibility will continue to attach to that geological doctrine which connects the crystalline rocks with the fluidity in question. Those rocks, from the most ancient granites to

the most recent clay-slates, occupy a large proportion of the earth's surface. Their great general antiquity is indisputable. The theory that they furnish the link between the past and the present of the earth's crust — that they furnish the point where the lights of geological and of astronomical science meet — strongly commends itself to the mind.

These observations derive additional force from the circumstance that Sir Charles Lyell's doctrine of the modern and chemical origin of all crystalline rocks is dependent upon considerations which must be allowed to possess not a little of a hypothetical and precarious character. The phenomena of metamorphism, as arising from heat, from thermal springs, and so on, are well-known and important; but there is nothing like adequate evidence that they are capable of giving the crystalline rocks that structure and aspect under which we behold them. The chemical substances in the crust which Sir Charles presumes to be capable of forming seas of molten matter, five miles deep and 5,000 miles long, have never placed before human eyes a lake of fire three miles across; is there not a trace of arbitrary hypothesis in supposing that, during hundreds of millions of years, those chemical agencies have been providing, beneath the surface of the world, cauldrons of fire to melt the granites of all known ages, from the Laurentian to the Tertiary, to produce the twistings, undulations, contortions of the metamorphic strata throughout hundreds of thousands of cubic miles of rock, and to feed every volcano that ever flamed on the planet? Not even to that proposition which is avowedly at the basis of Sir Charles's theory, namely, that the solidified shell of the earth is at least from 800 to 1,000 miles thick, can absolute certainty be said to belong. We are willing to admit the distinguished ability of Mr. Hopkins; but it is a fatal mistake to impute to solutions of problems in mixed mathematics that character of certainty which belongs to the results of purely mathematical reasoning. Into every problem of mixed mathematics one element at least enters which depends for its correctness upon observation. In many cases this correctness depends on the perfect accuracy of instruments, and upon consummate skill in using them. A minute error in the original observation may produce comprehensive error in the conclusion. It is still fresh in the public memory that new and more accurate observation corrected by millions of miles a

calculation comparatively so simple as the distance between the earth and the sun. The problem by the solution of which Mr. Hopkins determined that the minimum thickness of the crust is from 800 to 1,000 miles depends for its reliability on certain obscure phenomena connected with precession and nutation. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the problem is a "delicate" one. Mr. Charles MacLaren remarked, and Miller quotes the remark with approval, that Mr. Hopkin's inference "is somewhat like an estimate of the distance of the stars deduced from a difference of one or two seconds in their apparent position, a difference scarcely distinguishable from errors of observation." Add to this that opinions might be quoted from mathematicians of name as decidedly in favour of the theory that the geological changes which have taken place in the earth's crust are due to central heat, as the deduction of Mr. Hopkins is opposed to it. In the ninth edition of his "Principles," i.e., in the edition immediately preceding that now current, Sir Charles informs us that

"Baron Fourier, after making a curious series of experiments on the cooling of incandescent bodies, considers it to be proved mathematically, that the actual distribution of heat in the earth's envelope is precisely that which would have taken place if the globe had been formed in a medium of a very high temperature, and had afterwards been constantly cooled."

Sir Charles replied to this in the same edition that, if the earth were a fluid mass, a circulation would exist between centre and circumference, and solidification of the latter could not commence until the whole had been reduced to about the temperature of incipient fusion. We fail to see that this is an answer to Baron Fourier. What necessity is there for supposing that the solidification of the crust commenced before the matter of the globe had been reduced throughout to about the temperature of incipient fusion? The water in a pond must be reduced to about the temperature of incipient freezing before ice can form on the surface, but this does not prevent the formation of a sheet of ice on the top.

In the article in *Nature*, from which we have already quoted, Mr. David Forbes mentions that M. De Launay, Director of the Observatory at Paris, "an authority equally eminent as a mathematician and an astronomer," having carefully considered Mr. Hopkins's problem, decided that its data were incorrect, and that it could shed no light whatever on the ques-

tion whether the globe is liquid or solid. There is some doubt, however, as to the import of M. De Launay's statement.

We may be the more disposed to wonder at the decision with which Sir Charles Lyell pronounces upon this subject in his latest edition, by the fact that, since the publication of the previous edition, he has modified, to a very serious extent, his conception of the evidence on which the theory which he adopts is based. In the ninth edition of the "Principles" he laid so much stress on Sir Humphrey Davy's hypothesis of an unoxidized metallic nucleus of the globe, liable to be oxidized at any point of its periphery by the percolation of water, and thus to evolve heat sufficient to melt the adjacent rocks, that Hugh Miller, in contending against Sir Charles, selected this as an essential part of the argument. In his tenth edition Sir Charles does not even mention Sir Humphrey Davy's theory. The star under the influence of which the tenth edition was prepared was that of Mr. Darwin. No brighter star may be above the geological horizon, and Sir Charles may have done well to own its influence, but we submit that opinions which undergo important modification within a few years ought hardly to be promulgated as marking the limit between the era of darkness and the era of light in geological discovery.

After all, however, the crucial question is, whether the theory of central heat has any positive evidence to support it. Here we meet, in the first place, with the undisputed fact that heat increases as we descend from the surface of the earth. Sir Charles Lyell admits that the fact of augmentation is proved. Experiment and observation, no doubt, have not yet enabled us to determine the ratio in which the heat increases as we penetrate into the crust; but this does not neutralize the force of the fact itself. Sir Charles endeavours to parry its effect by remarking that if we take a certain ratio of increase, a ratio which seems to be countenanced by experiment, we shall, "long before approaching the central nucleus," arrive at a degree of heat so great "that we cannot conceive the external crust to resist fusion." It is surely a sufficient reply to this to say that our conceptions as to the consequences arising from an admitted fact can neither invalidate its evidence nor annul the obvious inferences from it. The reader of the "Principles of Geology," besides, who has been told by Sir Charles Lyell that the interposition of a few feet of scorice and pumice enables him

to stand without inconvenience on molten lava, may be permitted to form a high estimate of the power of many miles of stratified and unstratified rock to resist fusion by the internal fires. Sooth to say, however, it will be time to consider an objection grounded on the ratio of increase in heat from the surface of the earth downwards, when the ratio in question has been ascertained. The fact of increase is admitted; the ratio of increase is an unknown quantity: it is curious logic to impugn the direct bearing of the former, on the strength of consequences conceived to arise from the latter.

Hugh Miller believed that the existence of the equatorial ring, in virtue of which the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial, furnished explicit evidence that the planet once was molten.

"If our earth," he wrote, "was always the stiff, rigid, unyielding mass that it is now, a huge metallic ball, bearing, like the rusty ball of a cannon, its crust of oxide, how comes it that its form so entirely belies its history? Its form tells that it also, like the cannon-ball, was once in a viscid state, and that its diurnal motion on its axis, when in this state of viscosity, elongated it, through the operation of a well-known law, at the equator, and flattened it at the poles, and made it altogether the oblate spheroid which experience demonstrates it to be."

In other planets, he urged, the same form is due manifestly to the action of the same law. Venus, Mars, Saturn, oblate spheroids all, have been similarly "spun out by their rotatory motion in exactly the line in which, as in the earth, that motion is greatest." In these, however, we can only approximately determine the lengths of the equatorial and polar diameters; "in one great planet, Jupiter, we can ascertain them scarce less exactly than our own earth;" and Jupiter's equatorial diameter bears exactly that proportion to his polar diameter which "the integrity of the law," as exemplified in the relation between the equatorial and polar diameters of the earth, demands. "Here, then," proceeds Miller, "is demonstration that the oblate sphericity of the earth is a consequence of the earth's diurnal motion on its axis; nor is it possible that it could have received this form when in a solid state."

Sir Charles Lyell holds that the excess of the equatorial diameter over the polar may be accounted for on uniformitarian principles. "The statical figure," he says, "of the terrestrial spheroid (of which the longest diameter exceeds the shortest by

about twenty-five miles), may have been the result of gradual and even of existing causes, and not of a primitive, universal, and simultaneous fluidity." Miller denies this possibility; and we confess that the passage in which he assails the position of Sir Charles Lyell appears to us to have great force. Let us hear him:—

"The laws of deposition are few, simple, and well known. The denuding and transporting agencies are floods, tides, waves, icebergs. The sea has its currents, the land its rivers; but while some of these flow from the poles towards the equator, others flow from the equator towards the poles uninfluenced by the rotatory motion; and the vast depth and extent of the equatorial seas show that the ratio of deposition is not greater in them than in the seas of the temperate regions. We have, indeed, in the Arctic and Antarctic currents, and the icebergs which they bear, agents of denudation and transport permanent in the present state of things, which bring detrital matter from the higher towards the lower latitudes; but they stop far short of the tropics; they have no connection with the rotatory motion; and their influence on the form of the earth must be infinitely slight; nay, even were the case otherwise, instead of tending to the formation of an equatorial ring, they would lead to the production of two rings widely distant from the equator. And, judging from what appears, we must hold that the laws of Plutonic intrusion or upheaval, though more obscure than those of deposition, operate quite as independently of the earth's rotatory motion. Were the case otherwise, the mountain systems of the world, and all the great continents, would be clustered at the equator; and the great lands and great oceans of our planet, instead of running, as they do, in so remarkable a manner, from south to north, would range, like the belts of Jupiter, from west to east. There is no escape for us from the inevitable conclusion that our globe received its form, as an oblate spheroid, at a time when it existed throughout as a viscid mass."

Accordingly, though admitting that "there is a wide segment of truth embodied in the views of the metamorphists," Miller declared his belief on the subject of central heat in these terms: "I must continue to hold, with Humboldt and with Hutton, with Playfair and with Hall, that this solid earth was at one time, from the centre to the circumference, a mass of molten matter." Hugh Miller saw the ninth edition of Sir Charles Lyell's "Principles," and seems to have had its reasonings in view in writing these and other passages; we cannot persuade ourselves that he would have recalled them if he had lived to see the tenth edition.

We wish to state in the clearest terms

that, though we have stated some of the evidence which supports the ordinary geological doctrine of central heat, we do not adduce that evidence as absolutely conclusive. All we argue for is, that the question be not looked upon as decided in favour of the uniformitarians. It may be that more minute and comprehensive observation on the age of the crystalline rocks and on the phenomena of metamorphism will demonstrate that the condition of no system of rocks known to us can be traced to the influence of an originally molten state of the planet. It may be that what seems at present the unanimous opinion of astronomers, that "the whole quantity of Plutonic energy must have been greater in past times than the present," is a mistake; it may be, in the last place, that the primeval fusion of the planet ceased to act upon those parts of the crust which are accessible to geological observation before those causes came into operation to which their present state is due. But we deny that these positions are established. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* declared, so recently as last year, that M. Durocher, in his "Essay on Comparative Petrology," has produced "absolute proof that the earth was an incandescent molten sphere, before atmospheric and aqueous agencies had clothed it with the strata so familiar to our eyes." Sir Roderick Murchison, who, as a student not only of books and museums, but of the rock-systems of the world in their own vast solitudes, is an authority as high as any living man, holds that "the crust and outline of the earth are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overflows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not even in millions of years have been produced by agencies like those of our own time." These statements may be correct or the reverse; but they prove, we submit, that the controversy respecting central heat is not at an end.

Those who hold that Hugh Miller's view's as to the connection between an originally molten state of the planet and the most ancient rocks known to us, have been finally disposed of by Sir Charles Lyell, must, we think, admit that his interpretation of the six days' work can no longer be maintained. On the other hand if his conception of the mode in which the crystalline rocks were formed can be shown to be substantially correct, we see not how any one can refuse to grant that those correspondences between the day-periods of Genesis and successive stages in the geological history of the globe,

which he pointed out, are highly remarkable. Ten thousand omissions of detail go for nothing, if it can be proved that, although light existed in space, the condition of the atmosphere of this world prevented the sun's rays for myriads of ages from reaching the surface; that the same atmospheric conditions which excluded light from the planet favoured the development of vegetation in the Carboniferous epoch; that the day-period during which the sun and moon are stated in Genesis to have been set to rule the day and the night coincides with that geological era when light was first poured in clear radiance on our world; that the times of the Oolite and the Lias exhibited an enormous development of reptilian and ornithic existence inevitably suggestive of the creeping things, and fowls, and great sea-monsters of the fifth day-period; and that the predominance of mammalian life of "the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind," distinguished alike the latest of the great geological periods and the sixth day of the Mosaic record. Assuming the correctness of his fundamental conception of geological progression, Miller might challenge the geologist — *confining himself to the number of words used by the Scriptural writers* — to name phenomena, belonging to the successive geological epochs, more distinctive, impressive, and spectacular than those mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis. Admitting that life existed in the planet millions of years before the time which he assigns to the third day, Miller might ask whether the darkness, and the slow separation of cloud from wave, were not the unique and universal phenomena of those primeval ages. Granting that there was an important flora, as well as a large development of ichthyic life, in the Devonian epoch, he might ask whether, at any earlier period, the earth possessed forests comparable with those of the Carboniferous epoch; and if it were urged that the Carboniferous flora, consisting as it did in an immense proportion of ferns, cannot be regarded as corresponding to the "grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, whose seed is in itself," of the Mosaic record, he might still reply that the *fact* of vegetation, apart from botanical distinctions, was then the most conspicuous among the phenomena of the planet. In like manner, while granting that life — animal and vegetable, of many forms — existed in the Oolitic and Liassic ages, he might ask whether the presence in the planet of at least four

unique orders of reptilia, to wit, Ichthyosauria, Plesiosauria, Pterosauria, Dinosauria, and perhaps, as Professor Huxley says, "another or two," was not the circumstance which a geologist would select as distinctive, and if so, whether the coincidence between these and the creeping things and great sea-monsters of the fifth Mosaic day is not striking. As we formerly remarked, Miller's geological interpretation of the fifth and succeeding day is independent of any theory as to the originally molten state of the planet. On the sixth day-period, both in Genesis and in the geological history of the world, we have a great development of mammalian life, and, finally, the appearance of man. There was a Tertiary flora, but it was not strongly marked off from other floras; there were Tertiary reptiles, but their place was subordinate; in respect of their beasts of the field, and in respect of the presence of man, the Tertiary ages stand alone. The mammoths and mastodons, the rhinoceri, and hippopotami, "the enormous dinotherium and colossal megatherium," elephants whose bones, preserved in Siberian ice, have furnished "ivory quarries," unexhausted by the workings of upwards of a hundred years, tigers as large again as the largest Asiatic species, distinguish the Tertiary times from all others known to the geologist. In stating his views, Miller availed himself of the hypothesis, put forward by Kurtz and others, that the phenomena of the geological ages passed before the eyes of Moses by way of panoramic vision. This, we need hardly say, is a pure hypothesis, favourable to pictorial description, but not essentially connected with the logic of the question. Perhaps, the weakest point in Miller's theory — always presuming him to be right as to the originally molten state of the planet — is the apportionment of the present time to the seventh Mosaic day and to the Sabbath rest of the Creator. Geologists would now, with one voice, refuse to admit that any essential alteration can be traced in the processes by which the face of the earth, and the character of its living creatures, are modified in the present geological epoch, as compared with those of, at least, the two or three preceding epochs. Man, doubtless, effects changes in the aspect of the world on a far greater scale than any other animal. He can reclaim wide regions from the sea, he can arrest the rains far up in the mountains, and lead them to water his terraces, he can temper climates, he can people continents with new animals and

plants. It is allowable in Goethe, talking poetically, to style him "the little god of earth." But his entire activity, and its results, depend not upon a suspension of the laws and processes of nature — not upon a withdrawal of creative energy — but upon his capacity, as an observing, reasoning being, to ascertain the processes of nature, and use them for his own advantage.

The strongest objection in some minds to this scheme of reconciliation between Genesis and geology will be that it does not harmonize with the general method of Scripture. Miller was abreast of his time as a geologist, but from his complete unacquaintance with the original languages of Scripture and with the history of the canon, he could form a judgment only at second-hand on fundamental questions in theology. That the Bible is inspired — that it is pervaded by a Divine breathing — we have upon apostolic authority. In no part of Scripture, however, is the nature of this Divine breathing explained to us, or information given as to what it implies and what it does not imply. Without question, the inspired writers were neither turned into machines nor wholly disconnected from the circumstances, the prevailing scientific ideas, the modes of expression, of their time. It would seem, therefore, to be in contradiction to the analogy of Scripture that one of the most ancient books of the Bible should contain an elaborately correct presentation, by means of its cardinal facts, of the history of the world for hundreds of millions of years.

Many, therefore, while cherishing the firmest assurance that the Bible is the religious code of man, the inspired Word which authoritatively supplements man's natural light of reason and conscience, will believe that the first chapter of Genesis is a sublime hymn of creation, ascribing all the glory of it to God, wedding the highest knowledge of the primitive age in which it was written to awe-struck reverence for the Almighty Creator, but not containing any scientific account of the processes or periods of creation. To many it will convey the impression that its simplicity, childlike though sublime, and its grouping of natural phenomena, exceedingly noble and comprehensive but naive and unsophisticated, are not inspired science, but inspired religion. It will appear to them that, looking out and up into the universe, feeling that it infinitely transcended the little might of man; thrilling with the inspired conviction that God

had made it all, the poet-sage of that ancient time named in succession each phenomenon, or group of phenomena, which most vividly impressed him, and said or sang that God had called it into being. The beginning he threw into the darkness of unfathomable past. What first arrested and filled his imagination in the present order of things, was that marvel of beauty and splendour which bathes the world at noontide, and lies in delicate silver upon the crags and the green hills at dawn, that mystery of radiance which is greater than the sun, or moon, or stars, greater than them and before them; and he uttered the words, "God said, Let there be light; and there was light." Then he thought of the dividing of the land from the sea, and of the separation between those waters which float and flow and roll in ocean waves and those waters which glide in filmy veils along the blue expanse, and in which God gently folds up the treasure of the rain.

The sun and the moon he knew to be those natural ministers which mark off for man day and night, summer and winter, and he told how God had assigned to them this office. The creatures that inhabit the world were grouped for him, as for the young imagination in all ages, into the living things of the earth, cattle, and creeping things, and wild beasts; the living things of the sea, fish and mysterious monsters; the living things of the air, birds; and that vegetable covering which clothes the earth with flower and forest. All these, he said, owed their being to God. Man he discerned to be above nature. Shaped by God like other animals, he alone had the breath of the Almighty breathed into his nostrils, and the image of his Maker stamped upon his soul. So be it. Such recognitions leave the religious character and authority of the Divine record untouched.

THE time is evidently approaching when other nations will take a leaf out of our book, and administer to us a little of that advice and instruction we have so freely bestowed upon them. The *Indian Observer*, alluding to the efforts made in this country for the regeneration of India, reports the arrival at Calcutta of a large box of "educational apparatus" sent out by the "Association in Aid of Social Progress in India." Another box has also been sent out from Bristol filled with ladies' work and toys as presents for native ladies and children. Similar boxes are being sent to Bombay and Kurrachee, containing maps, diagrams, and old copies of illustrated papers. In return for all this kindness a number of native and English gentlemen residing in Bengal have, says the *Observer*, formed themselves into an association under the title of "The British Paupers' Elevation in the Scale of Humanity Company (Limited)." In pursuance of the aim with which the society was founded a large collection is being made of "recreation apparatus," or, as they are sometimes called, "Khelomas." Tarquin's toys from Benares, and Patna, and ivory letters from Berhampore, have already arrived in large quantities; pellet bows and kites are soon expected. Supplies have been promised of skipjacks and the big flat seeds with which Burmese boys so successfully amuse themselves. An order has been given for a large quantity of pachisi boards, and it is in contemplation to engage and despatch to England a man or girl capable of teaching the use of the Madrassee horse, or one-legged

still. It has been rightly said that pauperism, involving as it does the degradation of a large part of the population of England, is the greatest blot on our civilization, and it is delightful, adds the *Observer*, to see that earnest and energetic men in a distant land have put their shoulder to the wheel, and are determined to destroy the monster evil. It is, indeed, delightful; and, if our kind friends would also despatch an active missionary to this country, with directions to preach daily in the waiting-rooms at the Home Office and Gwydyr House on the duty of "accelerated consideration," a vast amount of good would be effected. In the meantime, tracts should be sent over for distribution, teaching the poor "how to live patiently and decently, and preserve their health, in insufficient dwellings, on insufficient food, and with insufficient water."

A FRENCH author is said to have just completed a book on "The Manners of the Germans." It is, of course, a parody of the "De Moribus Germanorum," in which we may expect to find the modern representatives of the race praised by Tacitus for its austere virtues described as village-burners, murderers of children, stealers of clocks, and so on. The notion is ingenious, and, if carried out with a due regard to French prejudices, is sure to prove successful.

Fall Mall.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PATTY'S FRIGHT.

DAYS and weeks went on, and still Miss Latimer stayed in Brussels.

Mr. Downes stayed there too. He had managed to be one of the party when Patty went to Waterloo—she was too economical to take a carriage to herself,—and during the journey he succeeded in pleasing Miss Latimer, and in rousing her out of her usual languid indifference towards fellow-travellers. Miss Coppock contributed to this result; she sat in a corner of the carriage with her veil down, and kept perfect silence.

"I can't think what possessed you, Patience! I declare if it hadn't been for Mr. Downes my tongue must have rusted before we got to the end of the journey."

Patty was looking at herself in the glass while she spoke, smiling in beautiful triumph at the remembrance of her fellow-traveller's irrepressible admiration. She took no heed of the despair in Miss Coppock's haggard face.

"I had a headache," Patience murmured. But Patty went on talking.

"I rather like him, do you know, though he is so English. Before we had been talking half an hour he gave me to understand he was rich, and that he had fine estates, and all that sort of thing. I don't believe travellers usually put more than one address in the book; some don't put any; it shows how purse-proud he is. I believe men think far more of money than women do after all. He says he wonders how we can exist in these small, confined rooms, Patience; so I asked him how he happened to be at such an insignificant place himself. You should have seen what a puffet he got in; he got quite red. He said he came here simply for quiet. He says at the great hotels the English of his class are marked men; they can't get any privacy. Do you know, Patience, I feel sure and certain Mr. Downes's father was the first of his family; at least De Mirancourt always said only mushrooms are full of their own importance. Never mind, he'll be the more easy to manage. If I find that he really is as rich as he makes out, I rather think I shall give him the opportunity he asks for."

"What's that?" In a sharp utterance, more like a cry than a question.

"Oh, Patience, how you startled me; you've turned me pale with fright. Did you really think Mr. Downes had made me an offer at once? No, he knows better, he's a gentleman, though he is so fussy;

he only asked me to let him join us next time we went on an expedition."

"And what did you say?" Patience tried to speak quietly, but she could not hide the effort this cost her.

"Mercy me, *you* are fussy now; I said of course I must consult my friend, and I wasn't sure if we should go on any more expeditions. Now you know why he was so extremely devoted in handing you from the carriage; he sees how dependent I am on you." Patty threw herself into a chair and laughed heartily.

"I don't think you can allow him to go about with you. This party was exceptional; it was made up too by the hotel-keeper to fill his carriage, not by you. I thought you said you meant to be so very select and particular, Patty?"

"Of course, so I am when there's a reason for it; but just now I needn't be half as straitlaced as if I were living at home in Paris or London. If I'm to make acquaintance with Mr. Downes, I must see him sometimes—besides, of course, I've not decided; I shall take a few days and think the matter over."

Patience made no answer, and Patty went on.

"Mr. Downes seems a very suitable person—come now, Patience, you know he is in Parliament, and he does not belong to titled people: if he did, he wouldn't think so much about mere money. I should like a title of course"—Patty put her head on one side and looked pensive, almost more lovely than when she smiled—"but then I want a husband who's rich enough of himself: I should only get hold of a poor spendthrift lord perhaps. Why," she said with a blush, "you ought to be content, Patience, I'm sure you've said enough to me about marrying a poor man." The blush changed into a frown; she remembered that Paul Whitmore was Nuna's husband now.

"I advised you not to marry that young artist who had nothing to offer you but himself; but indeed, Patty, you shouldn't do anything hasty, you might perhaps do much better than this Mr. Downes."

She turned away as she spoke; something told her she would never influence Patty by contradiction.

Next morning at breakfast an exquisite bouquet came for Patty, and to Patience's surprise Miss Latimer insisted on taking a walk instead of a drive.

Days passed on, the ladies and Mr. Downes met frequently, and Miss Coppock's opposition grew. She did not mean Patty to marry just yet; she was

determined she should not marry Mr. Downes. She could maintain a dogged, sullen resistance to the acquaintance, but she had no power to cope openly with Patty; she grew more and more silent and determined: if she could have managed it, she would have carried Miss Latimer away by force.

"We are to visit the old town to-day," said Patty, one morning. "Mr. Downes will meet us at the Grande Place. Now, Patience, do try and be a little more cheerful—I can't fancy what makes you so dull and quiet."

"I'm tired of Brussels." Patience spoke wearily, and Patty smiled.

"Ah, well, we shan't stay here much longer." "You old goose," she added to herself, "don't you suppose I know what's the matter with you, and don't you suppose he'll follow us wherever we go now?"

When they came home from visiting the old town, Miss Coppock felt strangely tired. She lay down on a sofa, and stayed there till Patty was obliged to rouse her.

"Come, you must rouse up," she said: "I forgot to tell you Mr. Downes is coming to coffee this evening. Do you know he has never seen me without my bonnet? and I promised he should come—why, Miss Coppock, Patience, what's the matter?"

At her first words Patience had sat up listening, but at the end she fell back heavily, white and faint.

Patty rang for the *femme de chambre*. Miss Latimer had never had an illness in her life, and she was incredulous about the sufferings of others; but when the good-natured Rosalie found she could not rouse Miss Coppock to consciousness, she ran away and fetched her mistress, and Augustine the cook; and when all their united efforts failed to restore the sick lady to her usual state, they went in a body to Miss Latimer. Patty had been pacing up and down the saloon, in much vexation and disturbance of mind, while the trio laboured in Patience's bedroom, and she grew alarmed when she was told she had better send for a doctor.

The doctor came—an Englishman; he looked hard at Patty.

"I think I saw you in the old town this morning, madam."

"Yes, we were there," Patty spoke haughtily; she thought this man was neglecting his business.

"I had nearly warned you," the doctor said, gravely, "and then I thought a

sudden panic might be as harmful to you as the actual risk you ran. The street you were in is full of small-pox cases, and I feel almost sure your friend has taken it."

Patty gave an exclamation of terror, but the doctor signed to her imperatively to control herself.

"I am not sure—I may not be quite sure for two days yet, perhaps longer, but the coincidence is remarkable with some symptoms I have witnessed. Keep yourself quiet," he said severely. Patty was wringing her hands in a fresh access of despair. "Even if your friend has the disease, she may have it slightly, and you have been wise in sending for me at once."

"But I shall take it, I know I shall!" Patty almost shrieked; and she put her hands up to her lovely face as if to shield it from disfigurement.

The doctor's lip curled; he looked at Patty more attentively.

"You cannot stay here," he said; "if you like, I will take a lodging and procure a *sœur* to nurse your friend; you will accompany her, I suppose?"

"Me! Oh no, I could not; I know nothing about nursing; I should only be in the way. I will pay you whatever you like for your care, if you will only take her away at once."

She put up both hands beseechingly.

"What a lovely creature!" the doctor said to himself; "it would be dreadful if such a face was spoiled; and yet —"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MARRIED.

NUNA sat in the old studio expecting her husband. Her needlework had been thrown aside, and then a book which she had taken up by way of passing the time. The word grew to be mere arrangements of senseless letters. Her mind was so full of Paul that she could not take in any outside thought. One day before their marriage he had told her that he was sadly unpunctual, and she had laughed, and had answered she loved him all the better: punctual men were formal, like Will Bright. She thought of this at the end of her two hours' expectation.

"Ah! but then I had not realized how dreadful it is to be away from him; it seems as if the room grows darker when he leaves it. I wonder if the time is as long to him when we are apart."

She gave a slight sigh. There was sorrow on her face, but it had not been brought there only by Paul's absence.

She had heard news since he went away — news which she expected, and yet which had troubled her. Her father's marriage with Elizabeth Matthews had taken place two days ago.

Miss Matthews had tried quietly, but steadily, to induce Nuna to listen to Will Bright; but Nuna had proved obstinate, and, to Elizabeth's surprise, Mr. Bright seemed cured of his passion. But if Mr. Beaufort and his daughter took a walk together Elizabeth found her own influence over the Rector weakened, and Miss Matthews' quiet, tortoise-like mind began to perceive that, if she meant to be mistress at the Rectory, she must call in some aid to get rid of Nuna.

She watched her more closely, and she felt sure that the girl was unhappy. Mr. Beaufort one day commented on his daughter's looks to his cousin.

"I believe she really does care about that good-for-nothing young artist," he said, gloomily.

"Miss Matthews acted on this hint. If Nuna would not marry Will, she had better marry Mr. Whitmore. She approached the subject very carefully, but at last she asked Nuna why she had not answered Mr. Whitmore's letter.

"Because I said I would not;" but the tone was sad, not angry, and Miss Matthews hoped on. It would have been against her principles to suggest directly a clandestine correspondence; but her own feelings and wishes were waging war against her principles in a very dangerous manner.

By one of the strange accidents that so often happen in life, and which, if they were duly chronicled, would be far more marvellous than any creation of human fancy, Miss Matthews, coming home from an afternoon's shopping in Guildford, saw Mr. Whitmore on the platform of Ashton station; and as she proceeded to the Rectory in a fly, she saw him walking along the road to the village.

Was he going to see Nuna? At least she could make sure that Nuna should see him. It has been said that Miss Matthews was not naturally intriguing, neither was she quick-witted, so that the part she played this evening came to her piecemeal, instead of as the plan a bolder, shrewder woman would have had time to construct, as she drove homewards. She met Nuna at the garden gate, and the first step seemed to come of itself.

"Did you expect Mr. Whitmore, Nuna? he came down by the same train that I did."

Nuna stood looking at her. Hope and fear grew too strong for the reserve she had maintained towards her cousin.

"If Mr. Whitmore calls here, do you know whether he is to be admitted, Elizabeth? Am I to be allowed to see him?" It was the first time she had owned, openly, that her cousin was deeper in Mr. Beaufort's confidence than she herself was, and she felt a rebellious bitterness to both her father and his adviser.

"No, I believe not; he is not to see you any more;" and then Miss Matthews stopped to consider how she could contrive that the lovers should meet. "If you go up the station road you might meet him." She might have spared this suggestion. Nuna had already turned to the gate; if she hesitated now, she gave up her last hope of seeing Paul. Her duty to her father was nothing to her love; and she walked on fast to the turn in the road.

Elizabeth's dull brain cleared as she looked after her.

"Dear me, she is gone to meet him;" and then a half-smile came on her pale lips at the probable result of the meeting. "I ought to tell Mr. Beaufort, at any rate;" and she went to his study and told him.

Now, as Nuna sat waiting for her husband in the old quaint room in St. John Street, it seemed to her that one event had followed so fast on another since that meeting with Paul, that she was only waking up to reality; that which had been happening had been a hurried dream — scarcely a happy one. Mingled with the intense joy of Paul's love came the remembrance of her father's anger when he met her and her lover, or rather when he and Will Bright had come upon them suddenly in Carving's Wood Lane.

Paul had persuaded her to go there with him so as to get out of the high road, and time had gone by till evening came, and still she had stood listening to him.

After that evening all had been storm and strife for a while.

Her father and Elizabeth had said she must marry Paul; Mr. Bright was not the only person who had seen her with him in this strange clandestine manner. And so with little of previous courtship, with a haste which had a certain chill of foreboding in it, Nuna found herself standing beside Paul at the altar, saying the words that made her his for ever. Outwardly, Elizabeth had been kind: this had been easy when the Rector yielded so easily to her will, but still Nuna cherished anger against her cousin; she had been too simple and

too pre-occupied to suspect the motive that had made Elizabeth befriend Paul's love, and so urge on the marriage, but something told her that it was not any sincere desire for her happiness. She felt bitterly, too, that Miss Matthews had destroyed all confidence between herself and her father. And now only a fortnight ago Mr. Beaufort had written to her announcing his intended marriage with Miss Matthews, and had asked her to be present at it; then Nuna's eyes had opened, and she had burst into a passion of indignant tears.

Paul tried to soothe her and to induce her to go down to Ashton. He had promised to go out sketching for a day or two, so he could not accompany her. But Nuna would not go alone, and her husband let her decide for herself. He was too careless to trouble himself much about Mr. Beaufort's marriage; he knew that her father had never been specially kind to Nuna, so perhaps it was not surprising that she should refuse to go; and then he became absorbed in arranging his little excursion and thought no more about his wife's trouble.

Nuna was very angry still. It was an anger unlikely to die out soon, it had such a root of bitterness. If she had then gone down to that root, and tried to draw up some of its clinging fibres, or at least have washed them free of bitterness with penitent tears, it might have been well for her; unowned, thrust out of sight, was the consciousness that if she had not neglected her father by her self-indulgent, dreamy ways, he would not have needed Elizabeth, and also that she had, by her own undutiful refusal to be present at his marriage, closed the door on her father's love.

"It is an insult to my own dear mother's memory," and Nuna hardened herself, as she thought virtuously, against any relenting.

It was a new sensation; her conscience protested, but she would not listen; and so she took the first step in that process which has done so much to mar domestic peace—she wilfully hardened her own heart.

Eight o'clock, and Paul had promised to return at five, and he had been gone three days. Oh, how could he manage to be happy away from her!

A clatter of wheels, then a ringing and a buzz of voices.

Nuna seemed to make one bound to the head of the staircase, the lower rooms were tenanted by strangers, and she was timid about going down into the hall; but

in a minute Paul came rushing upstairs, his hair all ruffled over his eyes, but not enough to hide the gladness in them.

"My own pet!" and he nearly lifted Nuna off the ground.

Oh, it was worth all the long solitary time she had been enduring to feel that she had him once more all to herself, with no one to come between them—surely this was perfect happiness! Even while the thought lingered, she felt herself suddenly released, and Paul drew a step or two away.

"O Stephen, I forgot you, I declare. Nuna! here's Stephen Pritchard, come home at last."

Nuna wished Mr. Pritchard had stayed in Italy, or anywhere away from St. John Street. How mistaken she had been, to fancy she liked this talking, self-asserting man, who positively contradicted Paul himself.

She felt cross with him and with herself for being affected by his presence. Paul looked at her; he was struck by her unusual silence, and Mr. Pritchard saw the look, and smiled.

"The honeymoon is over," he said to himself; "I expect Paul wishes he had not been in such a hurry."

"What made you so late?" Nuna roused herself to speak.

"That's right, Mrs. Whitmore, call him to account."

Paul appeared to be very busy with his gaselier. "Am I late?" he said.

Nuna felt in a moment that he was vexed.

If they had been alone, she would have put her arms round his neck and have kissed him, but she could not do this before Stephen; she looked up quickly, there was a satirical smile on Mr. Pritchard's face.

"He will think Paul and I are not happy together," she thought, in a nervous, vexed way.

"No, indeed, I am not calling Paul to account, only I was afraid some accident had happened to the train."

"And suppose I hadn't come home at all?" said Paul, laughing.

Nuna laughed too, she had not the slightest fear that her husband was in earnest.

"Oh, I knew better than that, I knew you would keep your promise."

Paul turned round and looked at her; something in his face troubled Nuna.

"Well," he said, gravely, "it was a very near shave—if we had lost this train, we should have stayed all night."

"Then I should have sat up till you came in!"

Paul did not answer; he thought Nuna silly to prolong this talk before Stephen Pritchard.

Nuna felt uncomfortable; she got up and began to clear the table of her work and books, to get out of the range of Mr. Pritchard's watchfulness.

Paul was a genius, but he could be silly sometimes. His artist friends had laughed at his anxiety to get home, and had said he was afraid of a lecture, and he had told himself that nothing he could do or say would ever seem wrong or vexatious to his sweet, loving wife. It was specially vexatious that she should have called him to account before such a watchful scoffer as Stephen Pritchard.

One of his abstracted fits mastered him, and but for Mr. Pritchard, the supper would have been very silent.

"I have heard from Ashton," said Nuna at last.

"From your father?"

"Oh no, only the announcement of the marriage in the paper."

"Well, it is a good thing over." Paul spoke carelessly; he was thinking of something else, and Nuna felt wounded.

It is very strange that men and women—at any rate till bitter experience has forced them to open their eyes—rarely use the sense of their own peculiarities of disposition in interpreting their neighbours. Some of us are ready enough to decide that because we should not act in such and such a manner, therefore our fellows are incorrect for so acting; but dreamy, unobservant people, like Nuna, are somewhat blind to outward characteristics, and are apt to rouse from their reveries into a timid, frightened belief that the gravity of their companion is caused by displeasure or indifference, instead of its being more frequently the result of a pre-occupation resembling their own.

Nuna tried to talk to Mr. Pritchard, but the fear of having displeased Paul weighed down her spirits.

Her husband noticed her silence. She was tired, he thought.

"Don't you sit up, Nuna," and he rose and lit her candle. "Stephen and I shall be late, I dare say."

There was no help for it; she had to say good night, without even a word alone to her husband.

"I shall not go to bed," she said decidedly, immediately after she had closed the large double doors that completely shut off her room from the studio; "that hate-

ful man can't stay here all night at any rate."

And at the same moment Pritchard was saying to Paul, "I say, old fellow, don't let Mrs. Whitmore sit up; I'm not going to bed this hour or more: come across to my rooms, they are quite close, you know, we shall be snuggler there."

Paul hesitated, but he was not going to be laughed at by Pritchard.

"I'll follow you in a minute," he said, and as soon as Mr. Pritchard had departed he went to find Nuna.

"I say, darling, go to bed, and go to sleep as fast as you can; I'm going to smoke a pipe with Stephen, and he may keep me talking."

When she saw her husband, Nuna had only thought of asking him not to be angry with her; but this announcement, added to his frank, cheerful manner, changed her in an instant; the only excuse to be made for her is that she had been overwrought by the separation from Paul and sorrow at her father's marriage.

"Oh, Paul," she said, reproachfully, "going away again! and I have not had you a minute to myself."

She had thrown her arms round him while she spoke, but he drew back. Men like Paul are not to be scolded into tenderness. Nuna looked up, and saw the same expression that had troubled her on his first arrival.

"I thought you were different to other women, Nuna—nobler and free from pettiness—but you are all alike; you all make this mistake of supposing that men like to be managed. There, don't be silly." He leant down and kissed the face she had hidden in her hands. "I'm only joking; there never was such a little darling, was there? Good night!" He took her into his arms and whispered tender, loving nonsense. "Get to sleep as fast as you can," he said, and he left the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PATIENCE'S STORY.

"GONE away!" and then Patience Coppock murmured to herself, "gone away without caring what became of me, whether I lived or died."

"Yes, mademoiselle," was the calm answer; and Patience shrank from the quiet, observant eyes fixed on her altered face, and passed on up the stairs.

"Mademoiselle will find a letter from Madame on the table in the *salon*, and if she requires any attendance Mademoiselle will be kind enough to tell me now."

This being a discreet hint that Mademoiselle Louise intended to take the rest of the evening for her own amusement, Patience said sullenly she would have coffee and something to eat with it, and then she went into the *salon*.

Louise had opened the door for Miss Coppock to pass in. She stood on the landing with a marked expression of dislike on her placid face—placid all but the eyes, and these at times suggested that the placidity was a mask, and that Mademoiselle Louise had some qualities in common with a cat.

"It is inconceivable," she said to herself, "that a beautiful young lady like Madame should carry about with her anything so ugly—so unattractive—Miss Coppock is like a grey shadow. She was always ugly, but she is horrible with those holes in her face. Ah, Madame was in the right to depart before her arrival. *Ma foi*, I wish she had died, it is embarrassing to serve such a person. She is not much more than a servant, and yet it is necessary to serve her—*cela m'embête!*" Having softened her feelings by expressing them, Louise went to the kitchen to see after coffee.

Patience looked round the charming little room. Traces of Patty's presence lingered there still. A parasol lay on one of the couches, and exquisite flowers, faded now, had been placed in the different vases.

Patience had travelled a long way. She was sick for want of food, faint too from weariness, for, in her anxiety to rejoin Patty, she had undertaken the journey from Brussels to Paris before her strength was sufficiently restored; but before she thought of resting herself her eyes roamed hungrily about the room for Patty's letter. There were so many little tables, and these were so covered with the exquisite little treasures Patty had lately collected, that Miss Coppock did not at once see the letter. She found it at last under a china dog, and she snatched at it so eagerly that the dog fell and was broken to fragments.

But Patience took no heed of the dog. She tore open the scented envelope, heedless of the gold and silver crest it bore, and if she had heeded this it would not have prepared her for the news inside. Miss Coppock knew that Patty had talked of setting up a crest and a motto of her own. Poor Patience! she had looked red enough on her arrival, with that redness which small-pox leaves as the brand of its recent presence; but as she stood beside

the little table she grew almost purple while she read.

"DEAR MISS COPPOCK.—You will see by my leaving this letter for you that I have thought of you in your absence. By the time you get it, I hope you will be quite well again, and that you have escaped being marked or disfigured. I hope the doctor and the nurse did their duty by you; they ought to have, for I paid them well. I wonder what you will think of my news? Perhaps I ought to say I am sure you will be glad to learn that I am really settled for life. I married our friend Mr. Downes two hours ago at the Embassy. In fact, I write this while I am changing my dress, before we start on our marriage tour. No use in telling you where we are going—and besides, the route is not made out. Madame de Mirancourt says if I do not leave off writing there will not be time to put on my bonnet and mantle properly. It was very naughty of you to fall ill and miss my wedding—my dress is charming, white satin and point d'Alençon—however, De Mirancourt has done her best to supply your place, poor old thing. She came to Brussels at once when I telegraphed for her. It was very awkward being left in that sudden way without a chaperon. I suppose you will remain in Paris until I write again? I shall probably require you to go on to London before we return. You will hear from me in a fortnight. Enclosed you will find a cheque for your expenses.

"I am, dear Miss Coppock,

"Your sincere friend,

"ELEANORA MARTHA DOWNES."

Have you sometimes watched fireworks till the grand *finale* comes, and then tried to see at one glance the vivid tongues of many-coloured flames that dart skywards out of a glowing mass below? You cannot distinguish one from another; in the endeavour to see each distinctly, they become blended and confused. Anger, mortification, fear, sorrow, and worse feelings than those, lightened out successively on the dull, red face, till it grew hideous with the storm, yet the feelings were so blended that it was difficult to mark them all. Patience threw down the letter and trampled it into the velvet carpet; she clenched her poor worn hand in impotent fury, and then she looked fiercely round the room with those sunken eyes, from which all beauty of colour and light had departed, as if she hoped to find something which might help her to revenge herself.

Miss Coppock felt that she had been treated with the most selfish unkindness; but that was nothing compared to the baulking of her carefully laid plans, of her

resolution that Patty should not marry till she had got firmer hold of her, and still more her fixed determination that, come what might, Patty should not marry Mr. Downes.

"I knew she was selfish, but then it seemed natural her head should turn a bit, but I didn't think she was sly — I couldn't have thought it of her. If it had been anything but small-pox; I could think she made me ill on purpose to get me out of the way. Why is she to have everything and me nothing?"

She sank down in one of the luxurious chairs panting with exhaustion. Poor, worn creature! contrasting her lot with Patty's, it seemed a hard one; and yet at the outset Patience Coppock had started along the road of life with fairer prospects than any that seemed likely to open to Patty Westropp. Patience had been very handsome, though she had lacked the natural grace, the charm that doubled Patty's loveliness; but Patience had not been born to hard work, she had been a farmer's daughter with servants of her own, a horse at her disposal, and bonnets and gowns at will. At seventeen these fair prospects had been overcast: her father sank all his savings in a mine on the estate of his landlord; the mine went to ruin, proprietor and tenant along with it, and at seventeen Patience found herself alone in the world, without anything that she could call her own except her wearing apparel and a trifle of pocket-money. At this time of her life she was honest and independent, and she felt crushed with shame at learning the amount of her father's debts. His sudden death brought the knowledge without any warning.

"I will pay them off," the girl said to herself, with the daring hardihood of ignorance; she had not yet learned how hard an oyster the world proves to the unknown and the friendless.

Her first experience was brief and bitter, and, like many another first experience, it dyed the years that followed with one ineffaceable hue.

A rich lady in the neighbourhood, the wife of the owner of a large estate called Hatchhurst, wanted some one rather better than a nursemaid to teach her children to read; they were babies still in the nursery. Spite of her resolve to clear her father's name, the girl's pride rose: she would not accept the offered post unless she had a room allotted to herself; she refused to associate with the nurses. The lady demurred, and finally yielded, in her heart thinking all the better of Miss Clay-

ton for her request, a request which possibly produced the girl's ruin.

Patience went to Hatchhurst, and for a few weeks all went well with her; her little charges were fairly tractable, and she did not see much of them; their mother wished them to have some hours of play in the nursery.

"This will give you plenty of spare time, Miss Clayton," the condescending lady added; "time which you may devote to your own improvement."

When Patience was alone again, she looked at her handsome face in the glass, and told herself she needed no improvement.

Her employers went away on a round of country visits; they were to return in three weeks to meet the heir of the property, the eldest son by a former marriage; he would be independent of his father when he came of age, his mother's large property coming direct to him.

He was just twenty, and was supposed to be spending the long vacation in Italy and Switzerland with a Cambridge tutor.

Two days after his parents had set out on their visiting tour he returned home alone. There were no old servants at Hatchhurst. Its new mistress was an imperious dame, very jealous of anything that recalled her predecessor. Her first act had been the dismissal of the household, most of which had known the young squire as a child. He did not care for his little brothers; he found no well-remembered face to welcome him, but he soon discovered that his step-mother had provided him with pleasant pastime in her nursery governess.

He met Patience in the garden at first by chance, then, after a day or so, by appointment. At home Patience had been allowed to associate freely with the young men who came to see her father. Her mother had died years ago. She had been unused to restraint, and when the young master of Hatchhurst asked permission to come and hear her sing in her little school-room she admitted him gladly. Then came for Patience two short weeks of glowing happiness — happiness in which no dream of the future seemed too unreal, too bright, for fulfillment. She loved for the first time, and she was beloved. The love was not equal. Patience had a heart, and she loved with all the strength of womanhood. In return, she got that sort of boyish worship which goes by the name of calf-love, and which is as easily extinguished as any other newly-kindled fire. The young lovers were very happy and

very innocent—neither of them looked forward—neither of them guessed they were suspected and watched.

It had oozed out through Mrs. Robins, the abigail, before she went away with her mistress, that Miss Clayton had insisted on having a separate sitting-room and a separate table from the nurses. Thenceforth her doom was sealed; she was an upstart, sure to go wrong. Mrs. Caxton, the head nurse, and her two hand-maids, only waited their mistress's return to report Miss Clayton's "disgraceful goings on with the young master."

One evening the lovers were seated as usual in the schoolroom, the young squire's arm was round Patience's slender waist, and she had hidden her blushing face on his shoulder while he repeated over and over again that, if she would only keep true to him, he would marry her as soon as he was of age.

"Only a year, my darling, no one can part us then; I——"

Patience never heard the end; the door was flung open, and she saw a confused crowd of angry and malicious faces.

She had an uncertain remembrance of being taken to her bedroom by Mrs. Caxton, and of seeing her clothes and possessions packed; but she did not completely recover her senses till she found herself driving leisurely along the road in the grand carriage which had just brought home the mistress of Hatchhurst. Then Miss Clayton realized that she had been turned out of the house in disgrace.

"I am lost, ruined! oh, what will become of me?" But as she drove on this panic of shame lessened; resentment came instead; she had been cruelly, unjustly treated.

"I have done nothing wrong, nothing to justify this; I gave my love in return for his; there is no harm in that. Ah, I have only got to trust Maurice; he will take care of me."

But meantime she would not be carried away tamely, and she put her head out of the window and asked the coachman where he was taking her.

He named a town a few miles off, but he spoke so familiarly that Patience shrank back in the carriage in a fresh paroxysm of shame.

The coachman set her down at a quiet little inn; he went into the entrance-way with her and gave the landlady a note, and then drove away.

"You'll have a letter to-morrow, Miss," he said, before he went.

The letter came; it was written as to a

stranger. It commented severely on the deceitful and disgraceful conduct of Miss Clayton who had, the writer said, utterly destroyed her own reputation; but it was added, that regard for a friendless orphan induced Mrs. Downes to try and save Miss Clayton from going further astray: enclosed was a note of introduction to a reformatory for young women in the town to which Patience had been taken; enclosed also was the amount due to her for salary.

Patience tore the letter into fragments. She waited on in hopes of seeing her lover, but time passed and no letter came.

She left the inn, and got herself a cheap lodging in another part of the town. A milliner's apprentice lodged in the same house, and through this girl Patience found employment. At the milliner's she worked at she heard her own story spoken of—she had taken the precaution to change her name—she heard, too, that her lover had gone abroad again. One day the mistress of Hatchhurst came to her employer's, and before Patience had time to escape she was seen and recognized.

The lady was too valuable a customer to offend, and Patience was again dismissed without a character.

She was discouraged, almost broken-hearted, but still faith in her lover's constancy and her own independence supported her.

She went to London, and after some struggles which brought her face to face with want, she again got employment at a milliner's.

"I have learned the trade," she said, "and it is more amusing than teaching; and besides, one can get work without a character at this time of year."

But there were among Patience's fellow-workers girls who had lost their reputation in a less innocent way than she had, and she found herself led into society full of danger to a young and handsome girl.

One day she was summoned to attend one of the principals of the establishment in which she worked; she was to carry a dress which had to be fitted.

Just before they reached the house a gentleman and lady on horseback passed: the lady was young and beautiful, and seemed to be listening attentively to the gentleman riding beside her. Patience looked at the speaker's face and recognized it at once. It was her lover; and his eyes had never looked into hers as lovingly as they now strove to look into those of his companion.

The girl's spirit, chilled almost to death for an instant, rose to defend him. "He thinks I have forgotten him," she said, "and men must amuse themselves."

The couple dismounted at the door-steps of the very mansion they were bound to, and as she and her employer waited while they passed in, Patience's heart winced at the tender care her lover showed towards his fair companion.

She was left in the hall while a servant ushered her employer upstairs and took the box she had carried.

It seemed to Patience that this was the crisis of all her long-cherished hopes; if she missed this chance of a recognition, she and her lover might never meet again. She had written several letters to him at Hatchhurst, but she felt sure they had not reached his hands; if she let him drift away from her into this great wilderness of London, she gave him up of her own free will. She sat still, calm outwardly, but so inwardly agitated that her heart-beats almost choked her. Some one was coming down the great staircase into the inner hall in which she sat, but there were tall footmen close by; she could not speak to Maurice before them, and a hot flush spread over her forehead; she could not be seen by him, sitting there like a servant.

In a moment she had glided into the outer hall, a carriage was waiting, and the house-door stood open; she passed out.

When Patience found herself alone that night in her miserable little lodging, she had that kind of tempest in her soul which seldom subsides without causing shipwreck in such a one as the poor vain milliner's girl.

She had had one moment of exquisite joy when she found herself in the street beside her lover, and then darkness had set in; at first Maurice tried to avoid her, and when he could not do this, he told her he thought she was ill-judged in seeking to renew acquaintance with him. He spoke kindly and gently; he told her he bitterly regretted his own folly, and also the hasty and unfeeling treatment she had experienced from Mrs. Downes. Patience listened first in stupefied surprise; then in a sort of sullen despair; then, when she thought he was leaving her, desperation forced her into one last effort to regain his love.

"Oh, Maurice," she cried out passionately, "if you don't love me I shall die! Why did you make me love you?"

Maurice grew white with vexation: Pa-

tience's words could almost have been heard on the opposite pavement, and he saw people coming towards them.

He pulled out a card-case and held out his card to her.

"If I can be of any assistance to you," he said in a hurried, vexed tone, "you can write to that address; but I must refuse to see you again."

Patience found herself standing alone with the card in her hand.

"Here, young woman," said one of the tall footmen, from the top of the steps; "your mistress is asking what's become of you."

"Write to him! ask him for assistance!" The unhappy girl felt as if no depth of misery could wring such a meanness from her. All this went through her brain as she stood alone in her miserable little room.

In the midst of her frenzy of passion and despair, came a tap at the door. One of her companions had come to visit her; she had brought tickets for the theatre. She was the worst among Patience's fellow-workers, and the girl had always refused to go about with her; but to-night she welcomed any escape from herself. She went, and let her companion take her where she pleased.

Then came those months in Patience's life of which she had ever since been trying to hide the traces—a brief epoch of sin and luxury. When this came to an end, she found herself placed in the business at Guildford as Miss Coppock, from London.

She had never been taught thrift, and the chequered life she had led since her father's death had not been likely to foster any regularity of mind or thought. And thus her life had grown into one continual stream of embarrassment and subterfuge, backed by the gloomy, haunting mists of the past. Patience felt no power now to live down evil repute. Her independence had left her when she yielded up her innocence. The aim of her life was to hide away that which she had been, and to keep up the fiction of her new name. When she thought of Maurice it was with bitter anger; his desertion had thrown her into the frenzy which had led to her ruin. And yet, when at last she saw him again—her Maurice—changed into a calm, self-possessed man of middle age, Patience's heart grew strangely soft, and she felt as if she could lay down her life to serve him.

For, face to face with Maurice Downes, her shame seemed overwhelming; and

by that extraordinary process of reasoning, or morbidity, which only exists in unselfish women, Patience shifted the blame of her fall wholly to herself. It seemed to her that her lover had not been as actually faithless as she had—he was still unmarried. He did not recognize her, but his presence crushed her with shame, and she longed to escape from the avenging memories it roused to torture her.

And now, in this letter of Patty's, had come the climax of her misery. The man she still loved, with a strong undying love, had joined his life to Patty's—to a girl who, as Patience knew too well, had no love for him; who merely looked on him as something annexed to herself, a something necessary to the part she meant to play in the world, but a something for which Mr. Downes, personally, was not more desirable than any other landholder of equal position.

The poor wretched sinner crouched lower and lower on the sofa, and again the heartbroken cry sounded—

"O God! is she to have everything—everything?"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CLOUDS.

MEANTIME life in the old studio at St. John Street was not gliding on as smoothly as life is always supposed to glide at the end of three-volume novels, when a loving hero and heroine are made one.

Doctors, and those who are freely admitted into domestic life, tell us that the first year of marriage is usually the most troubled. This may depend on the amount of intimacy which has previously existed between the newly-married pair, and also on the power possessed by the wife, not only of conforming herself to her husband's wishes, but of so projecting herself into his character, that she knows, as if by instinct, how best to please him.

In some women, love will do this; in others, where love is quieter, less intense, it may be the result of extreme unselfishness.

It was especially sad for such a nature as Nuna's that her marriage had been so hurried.

Paul was not a man to be read by ordinary rules; and, spite of her love, Nuna's timidity and want of observation came in the way of the thorough confidence which a less shrinking woman would have attained to.

When Paul went off into long hours of reverie, Nuna tried at first to rouse him,

and then, getting short, indifferent answers, she grew to fancy she had vexed him. Sometimes she took courage and asked him what she had done, and then he answered playfully, and sunshine came again. With him, sitting near him, even through long hours of silence, she was happy, happy as a loving woman can be; but in his frequent absences she tormented herself. He went away to work, she knew that; but she was jealous of work, of anything that took him away.

Did Paul love her? Was she enough for his happiness?

"Ah, if I were, he would be content to stay at home with me instead of going off alone with that hateful Mr. Pritchard."

And at this time of his life, if Paul had been questioned, he would have said that it was only from habit that he spent so much time away from home—habit, and a certain undefined dread that haunts some men lest they should yield up liberty of action. He might, at the expense of some trouble, have done this work, the copy of a picture Pritchard had brought from Italy, at home; it was by his wish that they lived at the studio in St. John Street. Mr. Beaufort had said that it would be better for Nuna to have a small house near at hand, and thus be altogether freed from studio life and society; but when Paul told Nuna this would involve separation except at meal-times, she was eager to live entirely in the quaint old house.

"I don't want a drawing-room or any conventional arrangement," she had said, "I only want to be always with you and to see you paint."

It was winter-time again. Nuna had stayed indoors all day shivering instead of bracing her nerves and her limbs by taking a walk. She was shy of going out alone. Paul often took her out "between the lights," but to-day, directly after dinner, he had disappeared, and had not said where he was going.

Nuna wrote occasionally to her father, but she never mentioned Elizabeth's name in her letters, so it was no wonder that Mr. Beaufort's answers grew short and cold, and only came at long intervals.

"If one could begin everything all over again," thought Nuna—"I wish I had not been cross and stiff about the marriage. Now I suppose Elizabeth will never forgive me, and I can't begin all at once to be different. With Paul too, if we had just one little quarrel—only one—and never any more after, it would be much better than all these private miseries of

mine; we should get everything clear and straight for ever."

Doubtful, Nuna; if strife gets let into Eden, there is no saying that he will ever entirely quit it.

Paul came in presently. Coming in out of the brightly lit hall the room looked cheerless and darker than it really was.

"Sitting in darkness, eh? — and, darling, scarcely any fire — you careless monkey!"

Paul spoke good-humouredly, and returned her kisses as he spoke; but he felt that this was not quite the reception he ought to have had on a cold winter's night after a hard day's work. He made no complaint, but instead of petting Nuna as much as she expected him to pet her, he stirred the fire vigorously, lit the gas, and then turned to go into his dressing-room to get his slippers.

But Nuna was awake now and thoroughly penitent.

"Oh, stay, please, don't go yourself, darling — oh, anybody but me would have got them ready."

But Paul put her back in her chair with a strong hand, and fetched the slippers himself.

When he came back Nuna was crying.

"Ah, Paul," she sobbed, "what a horrid, uncomfortable wife I am; how sorry you must be you ever married me!" And then she hid her face on his shoulder.

"I don't know that you ought to be blamed," said Paul. "You might have thought I should go out again to Pritchard's and smoke as usual, but I shan't be doing that for some time to come. In fact, I believe you'll have such a benefit of me, pet, that you'll wish Stephen back again — he's going to Spain."

Nuna threw her arms round her husband and kissed him till he was fairly startled at her vehemence.

"Oh, I am so glad," she murmured; "oh, so glad he's going."

"Poor Stephen! Why, Nuna, I'd no idea you were such a little hater."

"I shouldn't hate him if he were anybody else's friend;" she felt ashamed of her words.

"Then you only hate him because he loves me, eh, Nuna; is that it?"

"No, no; I am not so wicked. I suppose I can't bear you to love anybody but me."

Paul kept silence, he was thinking; but as Nuna nestled closer to him she felt his chest heave as if the thoughts were raising some amount of tumult.

"Turn your face to the fire," he said, presently.

"No, the light does not reach your eyes; kneel down, facing me — so:" he looked searchingly into her deep, loving eyes. "Do you know what I am looking for, darling?"

"No;" her voice trembled with a vague fear.

"I was looking to see if I could find any jealousy in your eyes, Nuna. I always say you are unlike other women; you have no petty, carping fancies; but you mustn't let jealousy get into a corner of that tender heart of yours, or you'll make us both miserable."

She took his hand between hers, kissed it, and then laid her face on it.

"But, Paul, can one be jealous without knowing it? If I were jealous in that way, you would not despise me for it, would you?"

"I don't know," Paul spoke gravely. "I have always shrunk from jealousy; my mother said no true woman could be jealous." Nuna shivered. "Come, little woman" — Paul smiled at her — "I want a song."

"Yes, in a minute, darling; only I must ask one more question." This was the talk she wanted, and she was hungry to go on with it; she could not bear to leave off, just when a few moments more would lay all her haunting ghosts.

"Not half a syllable;" he broke away from her and went up to the piano, which stood now opposite the window, between the dressing-room door and that leading to the staircase. "I've been working hard all day and I'm too tired to argue, I want nothing but rest. I've no doubt you'll sing me to sleep."

She went at once and sang him one song after another. She had a sweet, rich voice, and it had been carefully trained — trained to that exquisite simplicity which marks out the true musician from the pretender, if, indeed, simplicity is not always the badge of true merit.

While Nuna was singing the servant came in with a note.

Paul took it, but he did not open it; he was listening to Nuna. She was singing the same ballad which had so charmed him the night he dined at the parsonage, the night which had revealed Nuna to him in a new character. Then there had been an intensity of feeling which had thrilled through him while he listened, but now it seemed to him there was a passionate significance in the mournful words as she breathed them.

"Come here, darling."

He took her in his arms and thanked her fondly for the pleasure she had given him. Nuna was too happy to speak, too happy for anything that might disturb this delight. She had Paul all to herself again, to worship and make an idol of to her heart's content.

It seemed to her as if the evening had flown when she found how late it was.

As soon as she left the room Paul sat down to write letters, and in clearing the table to make room for this he came upon the note he had thrown aside and forgotten.

He opened it, read it, and then flung it into the grate, after noting down the address.

It was merely a commission to paint a portrait, a lady's portrait, Mrs. Downes of Park Lane.

"Downes — never heard of her. There was a Lady Downes, I remember — never mind, she is some swell or other, no doubt."

He went on with his work; the only comment he made on the note was:

"I hope it is an old woman; they sit the best; the young ones haven't a notion of keeping still."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE PORTRAIT.

PAUL was ushered into a room on the ground-floor of the house in Park Lane.

A gentleman sat near the fire at a small table covered with newspapers and reviews, but the room itself attracted Mr. Whitmore's notice before he so much as glanced towards its occupant.

It was large enough for a library, but there was a lack of books and bookshelves; there were cabinets filled with old china and other quaint rarities, a few good oil pictures on the walls, but the decoration of the room itself was more attractive than its contents: the walls were divided into large square panels, the dull red ground of these relieved at wide intervals by gold stars, the panel mouldings of satin-wood and ebony; the wainscoting was of pure ebony, and the mouldings at top and bottom of satin-wood. The ceiling was covered with arabesques in blue and red, relieved by gold bosses.

It was too full of colour and splendour to be quite in good taste. But Paul had not time to take in the details of this magnificence; he merely guessed that the proprietor of such a mansion must be very

wealthy, and that he was probably fond of art.

There was a complacent, well-kept air about Mr. Downes, which gave the notion of acquired wealth; his clothes, his very hair and whiskers, had the look of being newly put on.

"Good morning, Mr. Whitmore" — he bowed, but not as to an equal; "you painted a portrait for my cousin, Mrs. Winchester, which I am much pleased with; Mrs. Winchester recommended you to me, in fact. You are a portrait painter, I conclude?"

"No" (a smile began to curve Paul's mouth), "I am not a portrait painter; I painted Mrs. Winchester to please a friend of mine."

Mr. Downes looked slightly discomposed. "Ah! but you will have no objection to paint Mrs. Downes, I suppose?"

"I object to paint a mere portrait, but I shall be glad to make a picture of Mrs. Downes so long as I do it my own way."

"Dear me, what a very foolish person — he does not know how to get on in his profession at all." Aloud Mr. Downes said; "Ah, indeed, I leave you to settle that part of the business with Mrs. Downes; I fancy no one can help making a picture of her."

Mr. Downes went to the bell and rang it.

"She's a beauty, I suppose," Paul thought; "or her husband thinks she is."

"When will it suit you to have the first sitting, Mr. Whitmore? Mrs. Downes will prefer being painted at home."

"Yes," said Paul, "that will suit me best." Since his marriage he had avoided receiving sitters at the studio in St. John Street. "This day week about this time — I could not begin sooner."

Mr. Downes sent up a message to his wife, and while he waited for the answer he graciously condescended to show Paul his pictures.

Here he admitted equality; and Paul's manner softened as he grew interested, for some of the pictures were remarkable; but still his first impression of Mr. Downes remained, and when he went away that gentleman repeated to himself —

"Very foolish, conceited person that; I shall not tell Elinor how abrupt he is, or she may change her mind about the portrait. She was unwilling enough at first to let him do it, but I must have it: I never saw a picture that I liked so much as that likeness of Henrietta. He's clever; but what high-flown nonsense these artists talk! They should be thankful to get a

commission instead of laying down the law how it shall be executed. Lucky for Mr. Whitmore that I saw his likeness of Henrietta before I saw him."

Mr. Downes was very much in love with his wife, and he considered the artist a fortunate fellow indeed who was honoured by a commission to paint her loveliness.

He went up to her sitting-room to ask her if she were quite sure that the day he had fixed suited her. But when he opened the outer door there was a sound of angry voices; he drew back and shut it again.

"Poor dear Elinor, I never heard her speak so loud before. I feel sure that Miss Coppock is tiresome; really Elinor's championship of that woman is most surprising; I can't bear the sight of her, she is so ugly. I believe all ugly females should be destroyed when children: we might copy the Greeks in this respect with advantage."

When Mr. Downes reached his writing-room again, he looked round it with complacency.

"Ah! I saw that fellow's eyes taking in the decoration. Yes, I don't fancy many rooms in London will beat this style of thing as a whole. I wish I had shown him the other rooms—and yet I don't know; those sort of people live in such a small circle, and have such restricted notions, that he might think I was proud of my house. Well, considering what a sum it has cost to ornament it in this way, I suppose a mere vulgar, moneyed man would be proud."

Mr. Downes went back to his newspaper with the comfortable reflection that, at any rate, his hands had never been soiled by making money.

His wife's words if he had heard them, would have troubled him more than their loudness of tone did.

"I thought it was quite understood, Patience, that you are to forget all I do not wish remembered. Mr. Whitmore will paint my portrait quite as well as any other artist, I suppose; and if my husband chooses him, I really cannot refuse to employ him."

Mrs. Downes, as she spoke, stood looking at herself in a tall narrow mirror between the windows of her room. It was difficult to feel angry before such a lovely picture; her long trailing black velvet robe gave her height, and suited perfectly with the calm dignity with which she reproved Miss Coppock; the only betrayal of anger had been in the raised tone of voice.

Miss Coppock was seated by the fire-side, warming her feet; she had regained her old paleness, but all evenness of skin had left her face, and her eyes had lost their fire; her dress was ill chosen—a ruby silk with elaborate trimmings and frillings; its want of repose added to her gaunt, haggard appearance.

At Mrs. Downes's last words a slight flush came into Patience's face.

"Oh, Patty, how can you! Why ar'n't you honest? You know you want Mr. Whitmore to see your grandeur."

"Miss Coppock,"—Mrs. Downes turned her head, so as to get a distinct view of her face in a new position,—“I wish you would try to remember my name; pet names are well enough for children, but I have left off being a child.”

“You never were a child.”—this was muttered between Patience's set teeth; she made a struggling effort to compose herself before she answered.

“I don't often advise you now; I'm willing to admit you are capable of guiding yourself;” a sudden parting of Patty's lovely lips gave a hint that she too had been mastering some impatience; “but at your age, you can't know men as well as I do, and I'm sure it's neither fair to your husband nor to Miss Beaufort—I mean Mr. Whitmore's wife—for you to give him these sittings.”

“You said something of this kind once before, Miss Coppock, and I told you then that you mistook your office. One would think”—Patty broke out into a laugh, which brought back all the old winning look into her face—“you'd been born in Spain, where, I believe, women always have a female gaoler; but as I'm not likely to forget my position or what I owe to it, you needn't play duenna, or whatever it is, here. Now don't be cross; if you didn't run away so pertinaciously as you do from Mr. Downes, I should say you were in love with him; you are always taking his part.”

It was happy for Patience that Patty's mind was bent on deciding which was the best side of her own face; and she did not look round at her companion. The blood rushed up to Miss Coppock's forehead, the dull eyes lightened for a moment with an expression that was very like hatred for the bright, beautiful creature sunning herself in the glow of her own reflected loveliness, actually feasting on the picture made by her flower-like skin and blue eyes, and fair gleaming hair. A casual looker-on might have thought Mrs. Downes had a dangerous companion,

and that in all probability this ugly, ill-tempered woman would work her a mischief: but if the looker-on had waited, this idea would have fled. Every movement of Mrs. Downes was soft and easy, in keeping with the exquisite repose of her beauty, but there was nothing undecided about her. She walked across the room to the sofa with a firm step, and seated herself in an attitude full of grace and yet full of self possession. But with Patience, the spasm of jealous fury faded into a sad, downcast look, and a quivering of the pale lips that told of indecision, even in her dislike. She muttered something about orders to give, and went out of the room.

Patty's face clouded over at once. "One always has to pay a price for rising in life, I suppose, and so I have to swallow that woman's insolence. How dare she venture to say such a thing? If I hadn't been quite sure before, I'm determined to see Paul now." She sat thinking; the cloud faded, and a thoughtful look came into her deep blue eyes — a look Patty never wore for the observation of others, and yet one which since her marriage had been her habitual expression when alone; it was so different to her playful, child-like sweetness that it would have puzzled Mr. Downes; it seemed to make her a full-grown woman at once.

"What did I marry for?" she said at last; "certainly not for the mere sake of Maurice;" — a fretful droop here of the full scarlet under-lip. "I mean to fulfil all that my position requires, of course; in De Mirancourt's last letter she says, 'Be sure to keep well with your husband, it makes a woman so looked up to;' but I might as well have done without education or refinement, if I am to keep to the commonplace 'all for love' idea: nobody does, I'm sure; it's a mere sham only found in books: if I'd believed in it, of course I'd have waited, and then what would have happened? First, as an unmarried woman not knowing anybody, I shouldn't have got into society at all, or at least only on the footing of an adventurer, and then directly my money got known about, I should have been a prey to all kinds of imposition. No, a husband is a shield and an introduction, and those were just the two things I wanted, and Maurice is very indulgent, and has a good deal of *savoir faire*. Of course I must have admirers, — I could not escape them if I tried," she smiled; "and why not Paul among the others? I owe him something for having forgotten me so soon —

that is, if he did forget me. I can't believe he really fell in love with that pale-faced, half-asleep girl; it was pique, I know it was; by this time he is less romantic and unlike other people, and he'll be able quite to understand that he can admire me, though he is married, without any harm done. I suppose he reads French novels as other men do. Poor Patience, I ought to make some excuse for her; it's her vulgar bringing-up that gives her these notions — as if any possible harm could come to me from the admiration of any man, married or single. De Mirancourt always said — and she knew everything — that it is horribly underbred to fancy impropriety where none exists. I can't live without admirers, unless I shut myself up for the whole of the season. What does a woman dress for? why does she show herself in public, unless she means to be looked at? But I'm as silly as poor Patience herself, to trouble my head with her vulgar notions."

Patty's thoughts went off to plan, first, the dress in which she should receive Paul, and then how she should dispose of Miss Coppock, so that she might not be present during the first interview with him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FIRST SITTING.

THERE are, and always will be, plenty of people who do not believe in presentiments of either coming joy or evil; but Nuna was not one of these sceptics; and after she had kissed Paul and watched him from the window till he was out of sight, she felt oppressed to sadness with a vague sense of trouble. Paul was never very communicative, and he had taken an instinctive dislike to Mr. Downes, and, man-like, he kept his dislikes to himself: he purposely avoided any mention of his visit to Park Lane. So when he left Nuna on the morning he had fixed for the first sitting, he only said, "I have one or two places to go to to-day — don't wait dinner, darling."

There was nothing in this to depress her; she was accustomed to see him go away for hours. Mr. Pritchard had not come back from Spain, but Paul had plenty of artist friends, and he often painted away from home. There had been a group of horses in his last picture, and these he had been obliged to study from at their stables; but that had been for his Academy picture, and Nuna knew it had been sent in.

She tried to occupy herself in painting:

she had made great progress lately, but she could not concentrate her mind on her work this morning. She was following Paul in spirit, and the load at her heart grew heavier every hour.

When Paul reached Mr. Downes's, he was struck with the evident care that had been taken in receiving him. The room into which he was shown was in the same style as the writing-room, but the colouring was more subdued; it was chiefly white and gold, with an occasional admixture of scarlet. The curtains were in scarlet velvet, and Paul noted approvingly that the shutters of one window had been closed so as to avoid any crossing of light. He also saw that the canvas he had ordered to be sent was carefully placed on an easel, and that a chair had been raised so as to imitate the arrangement in his own studio.

"Ah, Mrs. Downes knows something, she has been painted before; well, so much the better: she will know how to sit."

A closed photograph case lay on one of the small tables, and Paul stretched out his hand for it lazily, as he sat leaning back in one of the easy chairs. Patty had placed it there herself. She wanted Paul to be prepared to see her; but she had counted on quicker movements on his part. Before he had got the case open she came into the room.

Paul rose, and then stood still; he did not bow or speak, but his blood rushed up in tumult to his face; he was stunned by this unexpected meeting.

His eyes were fixed on Patty; she, too, stood motionless: she had not been able quite to plan her part, but she took it at once from him. Her eyes drooped; her whole attitude became dejected, and at last she looked up with a timid, imploring sweetness.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Whitmore; won't you shake hands?"

The words came so tenderly, so softly, that Paul's anger seemed to be slipping away. He tried hard to keep it; he saw that she was more beautiful than ever, and he frowned.

"I ought to have been told," he said.

"I was afraid." Patty spoke sorrowfully — except for the changed accent, she might have been Patty Westropp. There was the drooping head, the child-like voice, and the little hands were pressed plaintively together. "I thought if you knew it was me, you wouldn't have come." She looked with such a helpless pleading in her sweet blue eyes, that Paul felt their old power coming over him. He still

fought against it, and answered almost audibly,

"No, I don't think I should."

"And then," she went on in the same soft imploring tone, "I could not be sure you would recognize me. I thought you might have forgotten all about me; I am so altered, am I not — so aged?"

She looked up at this and spoke impressively, as if to remind him of her changed position. Paul bowed, with a sort of scorn in his deference.

"Yes, you are altered; but you could scarcely think I could forget you."

He went up to the easel, and looked at the canvas.

"Is my dress the sort of thing you like?" said Mrs. Downes.

But Paul did not even look round at her: he stood thinking.

"Your dress is of little consequence to-day, so far as its colour is concerned," he said at last, "but I don't think I will paint you."

The colour sprang to Patty's face. "Oh, please do;" she spoke imploringly, without any of her newly gained repose of manner; "it is my husband's wish that you should paint me; what will he think?"

She looked so humble, so sweet, so utterly unlike the false Patty he had so long pictured, that Paul's impulses made him yield while he thought he was yielding to Mrs. Downes's arguments.

It was an entirely false position, but he must make the best of it; after all, it was perhaps better to show Patty how indifferent he felt.

"Very well."

He stooped over the table on which he had placed his materials, and selected a piece of charcoal; he thought he was really quite indifferent.

"Ah but, Mr. Whitmore," — Patty had gone back to her old playful manner, — "why need you be so dreadfully industrious? Don't be in such a hurry to begin; we haven't had a bit of talk; I haven't even asked after Mrs. Whitmore."

Mrs. Downes felt horribly piqued. She fancied her beauty would assert its old magic over Paul, and instead of any devotion, he was treating her like a culprit. He did not seem at all impressed by the state of life in which he found her.

"I must make him feel it," she said to herself; "I won't submit to insolence, even from him."

"How is Mrs. Whitmore?" she said, politely.

Paul was conscious of a change in her manner; he was vexed to have betrayed his own vexation: he smiled, and tried to speak in a more natural voice.

"Thank you, she is quite well; but you must excuse me if I ask you to sit. I have no time to lose—you forget that I am only a rising artist, and have still to work hard for my living." He emphasized the word "I," and then felt that he had been silly.

Patty was relieved; Paul did still care for her; he must, or he would be more at ease, more indifferent. She answered, as simply as if she had not felt the sting under his words—

"Are you really? I'm so sorry: I never thought of you as being obliged to work hard; I looked upon you as a gentleman who followed art more as an amusement than anything else; but indeed I'll be careful not to waste your time now."

Almost without any help from Paul she placed herself so that it seemed impossible to improve on her attitude. It did not occur to the artist that this happy easy grace was the result of study, and that Mrs. Downes had spent hours in deciding how she would be painted—he only saw a fresh beauty in it: he despised Patty from the bottom of his heart, but he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The past year and a half had matured and perfected her loveliness: she had gained so much, too, in expression; she had, as a Frenchwoman would say, so much more physiognomy, and yet she had not surrendered one physical charm. Even in the arrangement of her rich chestnut hair, the natural irregular wave which had given so much wild grace to it in former times was preserved. Patty rather bent fashion to serve her beauty than yielded herself up to its trammels. Her dress this morning suited her exactly: it was a striped blue and white silk; she had felt sure it would not paint well, but she preferred to give Mr. Whitmore the opportunity of advising and directing her taste. Miss Coppock was possibly right when she said she had had a larger experience in dealing with men than Mrs. Downes had; but experience can never match the instinctive quickness and artistic power of such a nature as Patty's. She read Paul's mood truly, and she saw that for the present at least he must be left to himself.

So the sitting progressed silently enough: "A little more to the right—thank you," from the artist, and sometimes, "Do I keep still enough—are you

sure I do?" from the sitter, and then his thanks.

Every now and then Mrs. Downes stole a glance at Paul. How rapt he was in his work: he frowned slightly, but more as if he were concentrating straying thoughts than as if he were angry.

"Is he happy, I wonder? Why did he marry—how could he marry without money?" Patty gave a little shudder as she summoned up the picture of a poor artist's home. Poverty among folk of the class from which she herself sprang did not seem a hardship to Mrs. Downes. She told herself that the shrinking she had felt from poor, mean ways was a sure proof she had always been intended for a higher position. "I know I was a lady born," was an axiom she loved to repeat. Poor people, as poor people, ought to be content with their lot, she thought, but poverty to a man like Paul Whitmore must be dreadful—so lowering and debasing; for, to Patty, the possession of wealth was in itself a sort of brevet rank, and those who had not got it were only pretenders when they aspired to equality with rich people. There was quite a criminal presumption in such refinement and upishness as she remembered at Ashton Rectory, considering that Mr. Beaufort could not even afford a carriage or a saddle-horse for his daughter.

Her feelings against Nuna took their old bitterness as she looked at Paul. In the excitement of her own hurried marriage—hurried because she feared her father might gain knowledge of her proceedings—in her triumphant exaltation at the state and splendour to which she saw her husband was habituated, and also in her satisfaction at the easy sway she held over him, Mrs. Downes had forgiven the Rector's daughter for marrying Paul Whitmore. There was a tender corner in her heart where she pleased herself with thinking he still dwelt, but she had not counted on seeing him again, and when she thought of him it was with a sort of regretful pity for the mistake he had made in marrying Nuna Beaufort.

But the sight of her old lover had stirred Patty strangely, stirred the atmosphere of worldliness that was around her: glancing at him as she sat there alone in his presence, feeling that presence nearer from the almost oppressive silence, a throb rose in Patty's bosom—a throb of wild, sudden anguish. She stifled the sigh in which it showed itself, and in a moment she looked as calm and sweet as the face rapidly taking shape on the canvas.

But this stifling brought pain with it, and Patty had no notion of bearing her own quota of pain: if she suffered, some one else must bear the penalty, and at that moment she hated Nuna with an intensity that De Mirancourt would have stigmatized as low-bred. It seemed to Patty, in the sudden passion of her soul, that Nuna had taken Paul and his love from her. "I had him first! What right had she to come between us?"

She gave another quick, sidelong glance, her eyes glowing with the mingled passions she could not keep out of them. Till now she had seen Paul's face in profile, his eyes bent on his work; but this time their gaze met fully.

Paul looked away as suddenly and sharply as if he had seen something loathsome.

There was a tap at the door. "May I come in?" — but Mr. Downes did not attempt to enter until his wife's soft voice answered.

Then he came in, and wished Mr. Whitmore good morning in an unctuous, benevolent voice — a voice that seemed to say, "my good fellow, I'm so sorry that you have to earn your own bread, that I must show you my compassion somehow."

He placed himself directly between the artist and Patty, and peered at the canvas through his eyeglass.

"Capital! really, do you know, you've quite caught that pose of the head which is peculiar to my wife. Upon my word I think, if you go on as you have begun, that you'll make something of this picture, Mr. Whitmore."

"I hope so."

Patty saw the curl on Paul's lip, and she writhed in silence. How insignificant her husband was in her eyes! For the first time since her rise in life Mrs. Downes realized that there are things unpurchasable by money.

"I should have preferred the full face being represented." Mr. Downes was still scrutinizing the sketch through his eyeglass, his under-lip pursed up, and his head on one side. "I suppose it's easy enough to alter, Mr. Whitmore; what do you think, Elinor, eh?"

Paul glanced up suddenly at the unusual name: a dim glimmering came to him that Mr. Downes was ignorant of his wife's early history.

"Mr. Whitmore must know best," Patty said, much more to Paul than to her husband.

"Well, I don't know. We should always try to have the best even of a good

thing. I'm sure Mr. Whitmore will agree with me in thinking that I must know the best view of your face, and every turn and variety of your expression, better than he can, on such very recent acquaintance. I don't mean to say it makes as much difference in your case as it would in that of others." Mr. Downes's smile made the words a compliment.

Patty was thankful that she might cast down her eyes and blush at praise before a stranger. She could not help blushing; she felt very disconcerted: her husband's words had told to Paul all that she least wanted him to know — that she had been false and deceitful, and had concealed her early history; and that moreover, if Paul chose to speak, he might ruin her for ever with her purse-proud, punctilious husband.

She was too much confused to listen to Mr. Downes's next words, but she saw that Paul was gathering his materials together. She longed to escape, but she dared not just then leave Mr. Whitmore alone with her husband. It was an unspeakable relief when Paul went away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."

PAUL had hardly thought at all while he remained in Patty's morning-room.

At any time the very violence of his impulses made concentrated thought a slow process; feeling had to be given time to subside before judgment could begin to act. When he saw Patty he felt the need of immediate self-control, and he sought it by throwing himself into his work with a strength that might have been impossible to an inferior man. But Paul was a true Artist. He had chosen to follow Art, not only because he loved it and as a means of livelihood, but because it was embodied in him, it was his mode of speech for the gift he found within him; he worshipped Art as an abstract reality, and now in this moment of need his devotion stood him in good stead; he found himself armed against Patty and her attempts at reconciliation.

But outside the house, fairly on the way to his own home, the charm was over.

A feeling of strong indignation against Patty, against her husband, and against himself for having submitted to such a false position, flamed up.

"I am a fool, a weak irresolute fool! Just because I had the canvas there and everything ready, to let myself be led on to do that which I believe to be absolutely

wrong. I'll throw the thing up; by what that simpleton said he knows nothing of his wife's beginnings, and of course she expects me to connive at her deceit." He gave a shudder here. "What a false creature she has been all through;" and then his thoughts went over the past. A deep sigh came, a sigh of relief, of thankfulness; he had been contrasting Nuna and Mrs. Downes; and Patty's conduct grew blacker in his eyes.

"Well, she has got her punishment in a man like that; one would not wish her worse off: it's easy to see that he is a slave to conventionalities and forms of all sorts. Her life must be a perpetual subterfuge: if he ever does find her out, I don't envy her. I should not like to be the woman dependent on Mr. Downes's clemency. Poor little Patty: what a fate!" Under this new light Paul Whitmore's heart softened; he had been very hard on her after all; it was not fair to judge her by Nuna's standard. Patty's trial had been so exceptional that it could hardly be judged by ordinary rules; it was plain she did not love her husband, but under her peculiar circumstances an early marriage must have been a necessity.

"She could not possibly have stayed with that miserly old father. Poor girl! with another man she might have had a chance."

Paul did not tell himself that Patty still loved him; he would not allow himself to dwell for an instant on the look which he had surprised in her eyes; but a strong feeling rose in his heart and quieted away his anger, a feeling of pity for the beautiful wife of "that old fool," as he termed Mr. Downes, and a resolution that he would not paint her portrait.

"And I will say nothing to Nuna about the matter; she behaved nobly when I told her of my folly with Patty, but women are all alike on one point, they are never quite easy about a man's previous love unless she is older and uglier: and it is not from jealousy either—rather in such a nature as Nuna's it would be from her humble notion of herself; she would feel completely inferior to Patty now. No, I shall say nothing about it. I shall write and get out of the whole affair, and there's an end of it. We are not likely to meet these Downeses; Nuna dislikes grand parties as much as I do, and the Downeses only visit swells, of course."

A load rolled off Paul's heart at this resolution, and yet it was the first time since their marriage that he had resolved to keep anything from Nuna,—her frank-

ness had so far won him from his habitual reserve.

In his impulse to prove Nuna's superiority to Patty—it may be as a shield against the remembrance of that passionate glance, a shield which, if his love for his wife had been full and perfect, he never would have needed—Paul quite forgot that he had told Nuna not to expect him till evening.

He went on fast to St. John Street, impatient to be with his wife, and to show her that he truly valued her love and her truth; it seemed to him they had never shone out so brightly as they did in contrast with Patty's deceit. "Sweet, truthful little darling!" he said to himself.

He went softly upstairs that he might enjoy her eager look of delight at his unexpected appearance.

A sound of scrubbing made him pause. He opened the door.

He looked down on a face upturned to him—a face with a strong resemblance to a King Charles' spaniel; large dark eyes, a pug nose, and a bunch of black curls on each side of the face: here the canine likeness ended, except that, as the body belonging to the face was on all fours, the attitude might be called in keeping. A black gown was tucked tightly round this anomalous being, most of it hidden by a canvas apron tied behind: beside her stood a steaming pail, and she held up a scrubbing brush at Paul as if she thought he looked in want of it.

"What's the meaning of all this?" Paul spoke dreamily: he was not quite sure he was in his own studio. The room was bare—cleared for action, except that in one corner was a barricade, a heterogeneous piled-up heap, of precious articles.

At this sight Paul gasped.

"By whose orders are you doing this?" He spoke angrily: he thought the owner of the house had been interfering and making suggestions to Nuna and her maids.

The black eyes sparkled and the curls wagged, while their owner got up nimbly and began to wipe her hands and arms on her apron.

"Missis's, sir, if you please." The woman drew in her pinched lips in such a spasmodic attempt at a smile that Paul thought she was laughing at him while she curtsied.

"Who do you mean by Missis?" He spoke very imperiously.

"Lord bless us, sir, why *your* Missis, to be sure, and a sweet young lady she is: she said as you wouldn't be coming anear-

the place till tea-time, and I was to clean up as much as I could so long as I got done by six." The charwoman felt herself the aggrieved person.

"And did you move all those things yourself?" Paul said ruefully: he had just caught sight of a pile of heavy books on the face of a half-completed picture.

"Missis did some, sir, and I helped. You see, sir," she added confidentially, looking up in Paul's face as if she had earned his everlasting gratitude, "the place was in that awful muck and litter as it warn't fit for pigs, let alone Christians. As to them there plaster casts, it took me a good hour or more to get the rough dirt off, though I did use the brush. That's all I've broke, sir;" she pointed to the chimney-piece—"I don't fancy it's of much account: it's only a nose, sir, hoff o' that little brown image; I put it safe on the mantel."

Paul could not speak: he walked up to the "little brown image," an exquisite statuette in terra-cotta he had brought from Italy. The nose was gone, the face scratched, and every fold of drapery, every wave of hair, encrusted with soap, which clung to the surface tenaciously, and entirely filled up all the delicate modelling.

"I'm sorry you've come in so soon, sir;" — Black-eyes looked sharply at her scrubbing-brush: she wanted to get on with her work;—"you see, you'd have knowed nothin' about it if you'd stayed hout, and what the heyed don't see, sir, as you know, the 'art never feels, though that's not allus true, 'cos one don't see when one's master goes to the public, but one feels it all a same."

"And a loving husband who comes home to his wife gets this kind of reception," said Paul to himself; "why, it's death and destruction to everything in the shape of art. What awful recklessness! How could Nuna do it!"

He felt almost beside himself with anger. He had come home, longing for the domestic joy which he believed was unknown in the splendid mansion of Mr. Downes—for a quiet afternoon's work, with Nuna beside him reading to him or sympathizing in the progress of his picture; and instead, he had found his studio in disorder and steaming with soapsuds; so wet that it would be scarcely habitable by evening, and he could hardly calculate how much mischief done besides.

"Such petty, womanish fussiness." He fumed up and down the room; he had too much reticence to let the charwoman hear

his angry words. "What can it matter about the corners of a room? I'm sure the table and all the centre was clean: it's so beggarly and wretched to have this kind of thing going on. I never saw it in my mother's house; I don't believe the rooms were ever cleaned in such a way, and yet she was particular enough."

His thoughts went back to the exquisite room he had just left—a room where nothing looked formal or precise, and yet where all was spotless and well-placed.

"It will take me a month to sort everything I want out of that Douglas larder:" he went up to the window and looked out.

Black-eyes felt relieved when he turned his back; it was the next best thing to going away.

"Oh my!" She went down on her knees, and began to scrub again vigorously. "Ain't he got a temper, and no mistake! My! and they ain't been married but a few months or so. There's no pleasin' men, that's the long and short on it; they can't abide sluts, none of 'em can't, and it seems to me this here one ain't fond o' cleanliness neither. I'm sure if some a' them partfolers in the corners hadn't been brushed and rubbed, they'd have walked by theirselves, they was that standin' in dust. Poor young lady! she's got a horkard temper to deal with: now I suppose he'll take hisself off in a huff to the public—gentlefolks calls 'em clubs, I believe, but I take it it's the same meanin' in the hend, to the wives as is left at home by theirselves."

Paul stood thinking a few minutes, and then he rang the bell.

Even the usually trim, prim parlour-maid seemed to be participating in the general disarray. She looked soiled and untidy.

She stood at the door, but Paul frowned, and beckoned her across the wet floor.

"Where's your mistress?"

"Mistress said, sir, I was to tell you, if you came in, sir, that she got a note this morning, asking her to take luncheon with a lady from Ashton, at the Langham Hotel, sir. Mistress said she felt sure you wouldn't come in till late, but I was to say so if you dfd."

"Did you hear the lady's name?" said Paul.

"Mrs. Bright, I think, sir." The girl had never heard Mr. Whitmore speak so harshly. She looked at the door.

"Can't you make that woman leave

off this miserable slopping?" he said, "and can't you and Anne set to work to make the room straight at once? I won't have that woman touch even a portfolio."

"Yes, sir," said the girl demurely, but inwardly she laughed.

It was so likely she and Anne would put the carpet on the wet floor, and work themselves like horses in moving those great lumbering things, when Missis was going to pay the woman on purpose that they mightn't have to do rough work: the parlour maid said this to herself, with the usual contempt inherent in the servant mind for the domestic interference of masters, while she held the door open for Mr. Whitmore to pass out, with more than ever of "prunes and prism" in the set of her demure mouth.

Paul fulfilled the charwoman's prediction, by dining at his club, and then he went off to the rooms of two young artists at the other end of London, where he got laughed at for his quiet, domestic ways, till he began to think himself a pattern husband.

He was not in a hurry to go home; the remembrance of the studio came to him with a shudder, and he shrank too from seeing Nuna.

"I wish that old chattering Mrs. Bright had stayed at home; she is sure to say or do something foolish."

Paul was vexed that Nuna should have gone off in this sudden way without consulting him. It did not occur to him that his unpunctual habits had made his wife secure of his absence, and delighted to shorten one of her long, solitary days, by a chat with her old friend.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH PAUL "TREATS" RESOLUTION.

It was growing dark when Paul once more set out on his way home.

When he came into the hall, the gas was not lighted; it seemed to him he heard Nuna's voice on the staircase, and a sudden gladness came back to him: he ran upstairs; a tall man coming down nearly knocked him over.

It was Will Bright. The two men begged pardon, and then recognized each other in the dim light.

"I've brought Nuna home," said Will; "she stopped talking with my mother in hopes you would come and fetch her; we should have been so glad to see you."

"Thank you:" Paul spoke stiffly: then he added, "Won't you come up and have some supper?"

"No, thank you," and the two men shook hands and parted.

"Poor darling," Will sighed to himself, "is this the way that fellow neglects her? I'd like to give him a good thrashing."

"Great stupid lout," said Paul as he went upstairs, all the glad light gone from his eyes. "How could Nuna bring the fellow here? She knows I can't bear him."

Nuna ran to him as soon as he opened the door.

She was radiant: she had had a delightful day; the Brights had been so kind; they had taken her to see exhibitions and for a drive in the park; she had so enjoyed herself. Paul listened; he was pleased she had been happy, but his discomfiture had not passed away; and in the midst of her animated flow of talk Nuna checked herself.

"Doesn't Paul like me to enjoy myself without him? Yes, it was selfish of me;" and a double flow of tenderness came to her voice.

"What have you been doing all day, darling? I was half in hopes you would get home before I did, and come to fetch me. You would have come if you had known in time, wouldn't you?"

"No; I did come home, Nuna. I came home to dinner. To tell you the truth, I was so savage at the mess I found the room in, and at the damage and mischief done, that I was in no hurry to come home again!"

He spoke gravely and as he thought very leniently, considering all he had suffered, and the terrible mistake his wife had made in setting such an outrageous proceeding on foot without duly consulting him; and if Nuna had been sitting indoors moping after her usual fashion, she would have taken his reproof to heart, and expressed due contrition; but the open-air drive, the sight of her friends and their kindness, had brought back her old girlish spirits.

She laughed heartily in Paul's face, and then nestled close up to him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, darling; but, you dear old fidget, why didn't you stay away, and then you never would have known anything? I meant to tell you, of course:" she blushed at Paul's look of annoyance. "And, I am very, very sorry I was not in when you came, but stay at home to-morrow instead, darling, won't

you? and we'll be so happy. It feels all so clean and comfortable; now do sit down and listen; I have so much to tell you still."

Paul sat and listened, while Nuna rattled on full of the sparkle of happy feelings; but he was silent; he was profoundly vexed, and yet too proud to show his vexation.

"There is nothing like association," he said to himself. "A few hours with these commonplace people, and Nuna is quite changed; I could not have believed she would laugh at me when she must have seen I was vexed. I won't damp her spirits now, but I'll take care that this sort of upset is not repeated; if it is, I paint away from home."

"Poor old Will," said Nuna. "I wish you would call on him, darling, and be a little kind to him."

"I don't mind calling," Paul smiled, "but I don't think I can be very pleasant society for him, and to tell you the truth I think he's a lout."

Nuna blushed: she thought Paul the least bit ungenerous. "Poor Will, you are hard on him; he asked very kindly after you;" and then she left off talking about the Brights.

She was so thoroughly gay and happy that the evening passed over without any further cloud. Paul wisely kept his eyes off his treasures: but as soon as he was left alone he took a lamp and gave a rapid glance at the new arrangements.

So far as he could see, everything was much as usual, but when he remembered the clay statuette he felt as angry as ever.

"It was unjustifiable. So much mischief might have been done. I wish those

confounded Brights had stayed at home. That's the worst of country acquaintance: they come upon you when you wish for them least. Nuna will want to spend every day with that silly old chatterbox."

Next morning was full of sunshine, and Paul even was forced to admit that the studio was all the pleasanter from the absence of dust: he was mollified, too, by finding his wife had carefully stowed away his chief rarities in her own little room—a tiny retreat hardly bigger than a large closet, a striking contrast to Patty's luxurious sitting-room.

It seemed to Paul this morning that he had been unreal and exaggerated in his ideas of Mrs. Downes and himself. There could be no greater harm in his going to Park Lane to paint her portrait, than in the pleasure Nuna showed in talking of Will Bright.

"From what Mr. Beaufort said to me, that fellow will go on loving Nuna in his calf-like way to his dying day, and yet she evidently considers herself free to talk to him and walk with him. The truth is I am too strait-laced in my notions: I did not know I was such a prig. Why should I lose the money I mean to make that fellow Downes pay for his wife's portrait, just for a squeamish scruple? I'm sure she can't care a rap for me, and I can answer for myself. When the picture's done I shall go my way, and Patty will go hers, and I can't see that we shall be the worse for having met again."

He tore up the note he had written at the club to Mr. Downes, and resolved that he would keep the appointment he had made with Patty.

A TRAVELLER who has lately visited the battlefields of Würth and Gravelotte writes to us to say that in his opinion the carnage on those occasions has been much underrated in England, and perhaps intentionally misrepresented in Germany. The field of Gravelotte occupies from five to six English miles in length. The tombs, or rather trenches, are scattered over all this extent; perhaps fifty in one grave may be a fair estimate. In one, however, immediately facing the French right wing at St. Pri-

vat, there are interred 2,500 corpses, and of these only 25 French. Multiply 2,500 by 10 and one may arrive at an approximately correct account of the German dead at Gravelotte alone. The statistics are from Prussian authority, or rather from information given by Prussian soldiers in charge of the graves. Possibly, says our correspondent, a quarter of a million lives on all sides from sword, disease, and various causes were sacrificed in the late war.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST: DOES IT
SUPPLY AN ADEQUATE BASIS FOR A
RELIGION?

No one, I think, can doubt that the question of the historical truthfulness of the New Testament—that is, of the personality of Jesus Christ—is being tried before us, and will be decided by our children; nor is it possible for any candid person to say what the result of the conflict may be, no matter how firm his own persuasion and faith. We cannot foresee the exact influence of the result of scientific discovery upon the religious faith of the future; it may quench the possibility of belief in the divine interposition under the overwhelming pressure of a changeless law of evolution from the time when this globe was a chaos of nebulous matter, or it may compel men to fall back upon the belief in the divine mission of Christ as the one means of escape from a law more horrible than anarchy itself. But it is clear that once more men will be brought face to face with the deepest questions of religious belief, and it is melancholy indeed to notice the absolute ignorance of popular religionism and its popular leaders as to the true nature of the approaching crisis. That Mr. Darwin's last book should surprise the religious world in the midst of a hot fight about articles and rubrics, disestablishment and vestments, is sadly ominous of the result of the battle.

Now, one advantage—at any rate, one consequence—of a real crisis is that it clears the ground, divides men into two distinct armies, sets before them a worthy object of contention, appeals to manly virtues, and calls forth a robust and clear-sighted faith. Such a time is especially fatal to a class of thinkers whom I shall not attempt to describe, because I am conscious that I have not sufficient sympathy with them to enable me to do them justice. These are sentimentalists, idealists, moralists, to whom the goodness or the beauty of Christianity are dear, but who emancipate themselves from the necessity of believing it as a record of actual events displaying a divine purpose. They act the part of neutrals in keeping well with both parties—and, like neutrals when war breaks out, they run no small risk of being effaced. Their voice is silenced when once the great debate is opened, and men demand with vehement determination a simple answer to a plain question—"Are these things true, or are they not? Did they happen, or did they not? Answer, yes or no."

Now the purpose of this paper is to examine one of the pleas by which, as it seems to me, honest men desire unconsciously to evade answering this question either to their own minds or to those of other people. We are constantly told that the character and teaching of Christ, even if everything else perished, would be a sufficient basis for a distinctive Christian creed, and I suppose for a defined Christian Church. Everything is staked upon his moral perfection. I propose, therefore, to examine, by an appeal to the facts of the case, how far this is true. Without attempting to establish distinct propositions, the general course and tenor of my argument will be as follows:—that the biography was never intended and is manifestly inadequate for the purpose of setting forth a character merely for criticism, admiration, and imitation: that there is in this character itself a distinctly divine or non-human element, as much so as are the miracles among his actions, the personal claims amidst his teaching, and the resurrection in his life: that this element, both as a matter of fact and of right, calls for worship on our part, as well as, or rather than, mere imitation: that it is far more difficult to believe in the possibility of a perfect character existing in an ordinary man than to believe in the historical personality of Jesus Christ: that the character is not separable from, and can only be explained by, or be possible to, his personality, and *vice versa*: and that thus the two are not distinct inlets to the Christian faith, the one prior in time or in experience to the other, but, as it were, folding-doors, giving us a wide, easy, and simultaneous access thereunto.

At the outset, however, I am confronted by an enormous danger. Although it is clear to myself that my argument, though close to, is nevertheless entirely outside the limits of the well-worn controversy as to the identity of divine and human morality, yet I am equally sure that there will be an almost irresistible tendency in the mind of my readers to raise that question. In the hope, then, of somewhat stemming this tendency, I hasten to affirm my belief that the life of Christ is the revelation of divine goodness in man; that the idea, though not the capacity, of goodness, is everywhere the same; that man has therefore an inherent power of judging goodness, call it divine or human, wherever it appears by the unchanging laws of right and wrong. But then it seems to me self-evident that a divine being conscious of himself will, by virtue

of the very same laws, act differently and have some different qualities from ordinary men. Given the same laws and forces of morality, and a different person in his origin and self-consciousness, and the result must be a variation in character and conduct. Hence, too, it follows that this variation may be the object, as I have said, of worship rather than of imitation. Only I must here seize the opportunity of pointing out how desirable it is to remember that words such as divine, superhuman, worship, perfection, goodness, and the like, from seeming to explain and to signify more than they really do, have a most confusing tendency, against which it is necessary to guard by keeping steadily before our minds facts, and things, and events. Two instances, showing the need of this, have already occurred in this present paper. I use the word *Personality* in respect of Christ as wishing to avoid all controversy upon his essential divinity or relations to the Father, and simply as expressing that historical account of Him, in which He is represented as being free from human sin in his birth, and from human corruption in his death. *Personality* would thus mean what a man is by virtue of powers, such as the paternal, apart from himself; and character what he is by virtue of his own self-determination inherent in himself. And, again, when I speak of a character as calling for worship rather than imitation, I define worship to be the desire of the creature to be like the Creator, accompanied by the consciousness of its own imperfection and powerlessness. We turn now, then, to see what the character of Christ really is in the light of simple facts.

The essence of the revelation of God to us has come in the form of a biography — beyond all doubt the most suitable for teaching morality. The history of a life affects most powerfully our moral nature by the example proposed, the sympathy evoked, the light shed upon the inner workings of humanity, above all, by the necessity imposed of using our moral discernment to decide upon the character and conduct of its hero. Now it is surely a mere matter of fact that the life of Christ is presented to us in a form very different from those of other men, and very imperfectly fulfilling these conditions, though certainly fulfilling them in part. We may throughout this argument usefully compare the history of St. Paul, though I shall leave it for the most part to be done mentally. That history resembles the history of Christ in being to a large extent in its

materials auto-biographical, and in having been compiled by the same man. And it must be a source of unceasing wonder that St. Luke should have been able to draw two portraits of the two — on any view — greatest persons that ever existed, without for one moment confusing the outlines, or portraying the smallest essential resemblance, or leaving upon his readers the least identity of treatment or effect, or placing them for one moment upon a level of power and goodness.

The character of Christ is a mere outline. Though, by the hypothesis which I am controverting, his character as a human being is the sole ultimate evidence for his divinity, or for whatever view men take of his person; yet the account of it is so short and undefined as to be proof against ordinary criticism. There are no letters, nothing about his personal appearance, next to nothing of his inner feelings and thoughts, no record of his opinions upon science, art, philosophy, history, literature, and metaphysics. St. Paul, on the contrary, lives before us, his bodily presence weak and contemptible, his letters, weighty and powerful, the agitations of his inner life, loves, hopes, fears, plans, speculations, all engraven in living characters. Painting St. Paul, you paint a real man; painting Christ, you reproduce the ideal of the artist, or the age, or the nation. And his life appears to have had just the same effect upon those who saw it as upon those who read it. With an exception to be mentioned, they make no direct allusions to his character as an object of imitation. What possessed their souls and filled their imagination, was not sympathy with his character, but admiration and worship of his person. They built their faith, not upon his perfection, but upon his birth, which was to them the love of God; his death, which was to them the goodness of the Son of God; his resurrection, in which they saw the power of God over evil; the ascension, in which they felt the power of the Son of God for good over the world. They never attempted to prove that He was perfectly good by explaining his actions or defending his conduct, nor have they left any materials by which we can do so. They took all this for granted, and thus gave to his life that divine suggestiveness by which we can and must attach all our ideas of moral perfection to Him, not find them complete in Him. This is that perfection which he too claimed. "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" which the moment we begin to think of it fades

away into infinity, loses itself in God. It presents to us not a character to be analyzed but a life to be lived and that lives in us. It is not merely that He is far removed from us and above us; so also is St. Paul, who seems nearer to Christ than we to him. But then we are, so to speak, in the same plane as St. Paul, and can see the steps that lie between us and him; whereas, around Christ there is a vacant space, across which no man may in this life tread, and in which the desire for mere imitation ceases and dies; and an instinct of his greatness and our weakness constrains us to cry, My Lord and my God!

And this is on the whole a description of the effect of his life upon those who knew Him best. Not certainly that it found vent in the mere bare assertion that He was God—for that in so many words they never said. But they spoke of Him with reverent reticence, as men who struggle with thoughts too big for them, tending to conclusions that defy the power of language. Contrast, for instance, the awkward, incoherent utterance of St. Paul: "He thought it not robbery to be equal with God;" or, again, the prophetic ecstacy which exclaimed, "Then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that did put all things under Him, that God may be all in all," with the precise, logical, but hollow-sounding definitions of the Athanasian Creed. And they felt sure of this, too, that He was alive still, and had distinct personal relations with each of them; and further, that his works and death affected them not as others do, historically and indirectly, but directly and spiritually, and that He had not died for the Jews, or for the disciples, or for truth, or even for humanity, but for each individual soul. Now all this may be consistently and plausibly explained by the theory of a myth growing up about an unusual life crowned by a very remarkable death. But to abandon historical certainty and then attempt to construct out of the shifting shadows of myths or the doubtful utterances of an ingenuous fanatic a morality which shall satisfy the conscience of men, or abide their criticism, or create a faith, or found a Church, appears to me the most singular delusion ever imagined. The world has seen the result of one such attempt, and has grown very impatient of Niebuhrism. Did He believe Himself able to work miracles? If not, then the very ground of the history is taken from us, and we are launched into chaos. If He did, then, *ex hypothesi*, the

morality by which men are to live and die, rests upon the words of one whom impartial judgment must pronounce to be on the whole below Socrates, who neither claimed supernatural gifts, nor died believing that he should rise in triumph. Or how can we say of such an one that He was perfectly or even unusually good, in the absence of all real evidences as to much of his conduct, such evidences as we have being furnished by devoted, not to say deluded followers? Who can affirm that He was or was not unduly angry with the Jews, that he acted harshly towards Judas, that his expressions were always modest and truthful? Renan's Life gives an absolute negation to the possibility of returning any answer whatever, and leaves us face to face with the true alternative—either myth altogether or history altogether.

So much for the way in which the character is presented to us; let us now try, by a simple analysis of the history itself, to discover whether there is not in it a distinctly divine element as clearly separating it from that of ordinary men as the raising of Lazarus separates the (recorded) actions from ours. I might lay stress upon the difficulty of discovering any special point of view from which to regard it, or of discerning the leading features, or of classifying and labelling the phenomena it presents. But, endeavouring to deal with it as with that of ordinary men, I will assume its essence and foundation to consist in three qualities: unselfishness, or his attitude towards himself; meekness, or his attitude in his receiving treatment from men; humility, or his attitude in dealing with men.

1st. Beginning, then, with his unselfishness, there is, I venture to think, an element in it suitable only to God, possible only to God, intelligible only in God, and an object of worship to imperfect beings like ourselves during this our progress to perfection. We distinguish between selfishness and self-love. By the former we mean sinful excess in regard to self, and to it we know that He was tempted in both of its two forms. At the beginning of his life, by the desire of power, pleasure, and success in its most subtle manifestations; at the close, by the fear of pain in its most overwhelming force. In all this He has left us something which we can hope to follow; and yet even here we cannot fail to notice that nearly all that is valuable for mere imitation is omitted. Of the inner shades of thought and feeling, the varying moods, the little details, we learn

on the first occasion nothing, and on the second as much as can be told in two or three verses. Our attention is fixed upon the fact of Jesus victorious over sin and death; although, of course, we are bidden to walk in his steps, taking up our cross, and following Him. But granting, as I am quite willing to do, that unselfishness or self-sacrifice, in its ordinary human sense, is a perfectly adequate word to describe his life at these epochs, yet we see, besides this, another element which is not merely the perfect negation of selfishness, but the entire absence of self-love. By this we mean that rational, reasonable, and righteous care of self which is practically admitted into all systems of moral philosophy, and certainly into his teaching: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and do to him as thou wouldst he should do to thee." Now, is it not obvious that, while Christ laid down this rule for others, He lived himself by a higher law which included and, for Him, abolished the former? We cannot, I think, describe his conduct in these words, or assign it to these motives. He never cared for what men did to Him, or thought of Himself at all. Moral perfection, that is God, made for itself a new law, a law impossible for imperfect beings, though distinctly apprehended by them as the goal to which they tend in the eternal life. I speak with great diffidence, but I am inclined to think that this consideration enables us to answer a charge urged by Positive philosophers against Christian morality, the stress of which has always appeared to me undeniable. They urge that self-love is not so true or deep a basis for morality as the loving humanity better than ourselves. To which it may be answered that Christ lived himself by the latter law, but was obliged to recognize a necessity for self-love in beings as yet imperfect, in course of training for a higher though in noways different manifestation of goodness—that is, of moral perfection. At any rate, let us now examine whether He was not free essentially from those self-limitations and regards, from which, as a mere matter of fact, no man has ever actually or in consciousness been able to free himself.

We cannot imagine God as conscious of self, or having self-interest, or needing self-justification. He is and lives and is recognized in the works of his creative power and love. Man, on the other hand, cannot divest himself of self; he must remember that he has a soul to save, a character to justify. The true saving of the

soul may lie, as of course it does, in the triumph over all self-interest; but the consciousness of the soul and of its salvation cannot be got rid of. How, then, stands the case with Christ?

(a) Self-consciousness. What is with us the obtrusion of self into our works, not at all in a sinful, but simply in a necessary form, corresponds in Him to the consciousness of the Father doing all the works. His meat or drink was to finish that work; his glory in having finished it. And it is remarkable that this consciousness of self, this reflection upon our motives and successes, this almost agonizing survey of our work and life, is particularly strong in religious reformers. The men who have most moved the world in religion have been those to whom the movements of their own souls have been most painfully clear; for instance, St. Paul, Luther, and Milton. Consider the former painfully conscious of his bodily appearance, his reputation, his conversion, his very hand-writing, his labours; consider the latter brooding over his blindness, his treatment, his failure, the evil days on which he had fallen. And these men powerfully affected the world in which they lived, whereas Homer and Shakespeare, of all men the most destitute of self-consciousness, fade away from history, and are spirits, voices, rather than distinct human beings. But in Christ we have an element of self-forgetfulness, so to speak, combined with a power to move humanity which renders Him unique in history. But, then to be unique in history, what is it but to be divine?

(b) Notice, again, the absence of self-interest, which is, indeed, entirely human, and therefore imitable, though rarely imitated, in his refusal to yield to that last temptation of noble souls and be made a king. But in the great and crowning sacrifice upon the cross there appears another element distinguishable from the former. We have, indeed, the perfectly human spirit, the half-concealed but quite overcome reluctance, the unavailing protest against might, the yielding as to a superior power, which all combine to give their true beauty to human martyrdoms, and shine in the humour of Socrates, the wit of Raleigh, the impulsive courage of Cra'mer, and the hapless submission of Lady Jane Grey. But then, side by side with this, we have words and conduct which are, upon any human ground, neither intelligible nor defensible. All the beauty of mere martyrdom dies out

in the words of one who lays down his life of himself, and will let no man take it from Him. All the rules by which we can judge of ordinary men are set at defiance by one who, after carefully guarding Himself because his hour was not yet come, suddenly refused the most ordinary precautions, courted death, allowed — nay worse, commanded — the fore-known treachery of Judas to do its work, and died with the certainty of rising again. Such an one may be as far below men as a mistaken fanatic, or as far above them as a Being conscious of a divine origin and mission. He may be the Christ of Renan or of St. John, but hardly of those who acknowledge no other claims upon their allegiance than his character and conduct.

(c) Lastly, self-justification. To take all necessary steps to justify ourselves, and then to leave the issue in the hands of God, is our rule of conduct, not merely for our own sakes, but in the interests of truth and public morality. And it was his, as when He said, "In secret have I said nothing," and "If I have done well, why smitest thou me?" But once more a different element asserts itself, indicating a different source of motive and action. Thus the words "Many good works have I shown you," standing by themselves, are though somewhat arrogant, entirely human, but the addition, "from my Father," gives an absolutely different colour to his defence, and takes every idea of self out of it. He was but an instrument in the hands of God. And again, I remember no instance of the smallest anxiety to know what men thought of Him, that anxiety of the noblest and highest kind, indeed, which breathes in every word of St. Paul's, whose whole life and work was bound up with the necessity of vindicating himself. Christ's question is not "What do men think of me?" but "Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?" A question once more either the height of human arrogance or the depth of divine humility, conscious not of itself, but of its origin and work from God.

2nd. Passing on next to his meekness and humility, by which I have ventured to describe the laws which guided his attitude towards men, we shall, I think, find the same divine element. It may be well to remark here that I have not chosen these arbitrarily, but because they describe the two qualities expressly claimed by himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart," and therefore, so far as I remember, the only two expressly attributed to Him by St.

Paul and used as a moral persuasive to goodness, that is, as an example. It might seem, indeed, almost treasonable to say that there is in these an element which we cannot imitate, for the remembrance of the cross prefigured, foretold, and typified in countless passages of the Old Testament, is exactly that in which the example of Christ speaks most powerfully to our souls just when those souls are at their weakest, and stand most in need of support from without. Yet how can we fail to see that Christ Himself does not use them as an example, but as the ground of an invitation to all weary and heavy-laden souls to come to Him and take his yoke upon them and learn of Him? The divine consciousness speaks out in the very words that claim human meekness, and asserts for that meekness a more than human power. What a strange mixture of humility and pride would this invitation appear in any ordinary human being! With what jealousy should we not scan such pretensions! Let us, however, consider these two qualities separately.

There are two aspects of meekness: one, that of receiving favours; the other, injuries — the one, for instance, reminding us of Palm Sunday; the other, of Good Friday. Now, belonging to the first of these is the feeling of dependence which is not too proud to ask a favour, or to be thankful for it when received; and of any one who did not ask we should be inclined to say that he was hardly a human being at all, whereas the absence of gratitude is conceivable in one who knew himself to be something more than man. Precisely these phenomena present themselves in the life of Christ. There is, indeed, nothing of that continual or recurring dependence so touching in great souls, and binding them so close to our frail humanity; but there is one request for help, and, so far as I remember, only one, which vindicates his perfect sympathy with our nature. In that hour when most that weak nature asserted its weakness, we find Him entreating the disciples to watch with Him — with what result we know, a result that almost more than anything else attests his awful divine solitariness. But though He could thus once ask for help, yet He never expressed gratitude for what He received unasked, or even thanks for the obedience paid to his regal requests; for instance, for the ass's foal, or the upper room at Jerusalem. He defended, indeed, as in the case of the women, those who had done Him a kindness from ungenerous misrepresentations,

and He rewarded them after a divine fashion, but their works He accepted as due to Him. But how can a character, in which dependence appears but once and gratitude never, be presented as a perfect model, except upon the supposition of a divine consciousness which explains and harmonizes these traits at once?

Once more, in the meekness with which He endured injuries there is nothing of that righteous anger on his own account which is at once essential and unavoidable in man. Anger plays the same part in moral economy that pain plays in physical; it is the instinctive attitude of self-preservation, of which, having no self-love, He had no need. The idea that He resented the treatment He received, and died praying, not for his enemies, but for the mere ignorant agents of their cruelty, is false to all true conceptions of his character, to the testimony of the narrative, and to the instincts of Christianity. Such a self-sacrifice as his, the free laying down of his life with views that embraced the vast future, the refusal to use any means of escape, is incompatible with anger for personal outrages, and would indeed degrade it below our human level. How can the conscious master of more than twelve thousand legions of angels be indignant at the wrongs to which He voluntarily submitted? But then this absence of anger on one's own account answers precisely to our — not the Jewish — conception of God.

3rd. His humility must be discussed in very few words. By humility is meant freedom from that pride which is the fatal curse of men conscious of great and unusual powers, especially, *e.g.*, Napoleon, in dealing with their fellow-creatures. Now at once occurs the temptation to say that his humility was all the more wonderful, because it was consistent with perfect freedom from the sense of sin. But surely to argue thus would be to fall into the error from which I have been painfully endeavouring to keep clear — of drawing a distinction in kind between divine and human morality, as though humility in us sprang from a different source, and meant something different from his. Sin does not cause humility, but humiliation, and our humility, so far as we can attain unto it, is the result of Christ's spirit working in us, and not of our conviction of sin. He was conscious of kingship, messiahship, miraculous powers, and that perfect self-command and knowledge and control of others which is the secret of power among men. Yet we see Him without one word of pride, never intoxicated with success,

shunning earthly honour, consorting with the humblest, refusing to lift a finger to stir the crowd which on Palm Sunday were ready for anything He desired, washing the disciples' feet, careless of what kind of death He died — that last weakness of poor human pride. In all which there is a humility to which our whole nature responds. But then there is something more. Where in Christ's life is there any trace of that self-respect, the reasonable and righteous form of pride, which is an essential part of our being? The root of this lies, perhaps, in the necessity which, as a mere fact of history and of consciousness, is incumbent upon every man, of comparing himself with others. This trait once more is especially prominent, nay, even predominant, in St. Paul, who in one memorable passage descends to comparisons of himself with others in mere personal advantages. True, he does so with an air of proud humility, and with a protest against his own folly; but that does not take away the fact that the comparison, after all, was made, and was felt to be necessary. How absolutely and entirely different is the whole aspect and attitude presented in the life of Christ, who never spoke of others, except in one or two difficult passages, in the way of denying the possibility of any comparison at all. One who could say, "It is the Father that doeth the works," could not compare himself with others. To such an one it is possible to have all power and no pride. And this is our very idea of God, who rejoices in the works of his hands, who cannot be proud of them.

At this point I bring my argument to a close, though it might be pursued into endless details. It would be possible to point out in Him a power of self-assertion, culminating in what we should call in any other man the most absolute sectarianism, of that very kind from which St. Paul and Luther on the whole succeeded, and Calvin and Wesley failed in guarding themselves. We should have to inquire into the true significance of a character to which the expression of joy and wonder was never ascribed by his biographers, save once in the first instance, and twice in the second; in each case at the contemplation of the moral and spiritual effects of belief or of unbelief. We should have to account for, and possibly upon any ordinary view of his character to explain away, his excessive indignation at the Jews, resulting in a condemnation of them that regarded no pleas of excuse, palliation, or even of explanation. The forms, again, in which his knowledge was displayed, his assertion of personal liberty from all domes-

tic and social and patriotic ties, his claim to know the truth, and the foundation upon which that claim was based, would require minute investigation. Finally, we should have to consider carefully the exact meaning in Him and the real power over us of that trait which most of all speaks to our spirits now, as summing up the Revelation that He made from heaven—namely, the profound, unbroken consciousness of the fatherhood of God. And apart from his personality, we should probably have to conclude with an assertion no stronger than this—That having regard to the testimony of a very wonderful Jewish enthusiast, this attitude of sonship is, on the whole, the highest, the most comfortable, and the most profitable that imperfect creatures like ourselves can assume towards a God who, nevertheless, it must be admitted, has never done a fatherly act towards us since the day when He created, if create He did, the nebulous matter from which all life has proceeded. And the further we inquired, the more apparent it would become that the character suits and implies the personality, that the personality explains and vindicates the character, and that both together present a foundation ample enough for the moral being of man to repose upon.

I must crave the indulgence of my readers for a moment longer, in order to answer two objections, which, if unanswered, would be fatal to my argument.

1st. In predicting a crisis in which there shall be two hostile camps, divided by a sharp line from each other, I am not to be supposed to be intolerant of those who cannot make up their minds one way or another; for the dividing line is not drawn between separate men, but in the soul of each individual man, so that he doubts to which side he belongs, and in a way belongs to both. I do not, indeed, profess to sympathize with, because I do not understand, the doubts of those who do not feel themselves compelled to face the facts of the case, or to decide upon the truthfulness of the revelation presented to them. Nor is, indeed, doubt quite the right word to apply to them; let us rather reserve it with all its (remembering Gethsemane) sacred associations for those who have distinctly realized the plain conditions of the question, to whom God seems to be saying; "Trust me all, or not at all;" whose minds range from the highest ecstasies of faith to the sharpest agonies of despair; whose doubts are as many as their sufferings are great. Let such be consoled by the reflection that in their doubts the intellectual, and in their sufferings the moral,

future of the the Christian religion lies concealed.

2nd. A protest, hitherto silent, may have arisen in the minds of many, to the effect that the longing to imitate Christ perfectly, the conscious determination to be like Him, is sufficient to break through all the cobwebs of such an argument as the preceding. And so it would be, if there were a syllable in that argument which thwarted it, or opposed it, or did it violence in any way. But if we adhere to the definition of worship as the desire for imitation, coupled with the consciousness of inability to imitate perfectly in the present life, we leave the amplest scope for the satisfaction of this desire, and provide, what is in these days much wanted, one of the strongest possible arguments for immortality. A little consideration will make this clear. If men become here or hereafter (it makes no matter which, both alike would be heaven), Christlike, then the necessity, and indeed the possibility, of such a life as his in the flesh ceases; there can be none of the distinctive virtues which suffering produces, when there are none to inflict suffering. Consequently, as has always been the case with simple Christian instincts, the desire for imitation fastens ultimately upon the essential and fundamental qualities of the divine nature, which assumed certain forms when brought into contact with human sin and sorrow, in the life of Christ, and which will abide in those forms wherever there is sin to be healed or sorrow removed, but which, apart from the sin and sorrow, we dimly foresee, and in half-intelligible language try to describe as the eternal life of self-sacrifice, in which the self is somehow dropped out of it, that God may be all in all. At any rate, nothing that has been said places the smallest barrier whatever to the boundless desire to imitate the divine character, though with St. John I may have ventured to postpone the satisfaction of the desire to the time when He shall appear, and we shall *then* be like Him, for we shall *then* see Him as He is. Words which, however expressive of defective knowledge of his character, and therefore of defective imitation now, do not, nevertheless, prevent him from adding, with an apparent contradiction which I have tried in this paper to explain, but which is, perhaps, more truly described as the self-contradiction of the soul when gazing upon ultimate truths of God. "And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

From The Westminster Review.
THE FUNCTION OF PHYSICAL PAIN:
ANÆSTHETICS.*

ON the subject of the welcome usefulness of the series of anæsthetics discovered in recent times nothing remains to be said. A rather abject kind of gratitude has been abundantly excited, and fittingly expressed. But the curious moral aspect of these new agencies has been left unregarded. The fact of a large amount of physical suffering having, in this way, been made optional in all but the first pangs, necessitates a complete revival of the theories of the purposes of bodily pain hitherto held by moralists; and our notions of the cosmical plan itself must be fundamentally modified now it is known that it does not permanently include—as has been thought from time immemorial it did—the cultivation of endurance as a virtue. Quite on the contrary, these lucky accidents of modern chemistry disclose a latecoming easiness of disposition in favour of our escape from suffering by the pure magic of wholly material contrivances. This is the part of the subject which is most puzzling, when dwelt upon with associations of the old philosophical notions still in the mind—a moral difficulty, after ages of sternest maintenance, at length, by a haphazard advance of modern scientific progress, receives a purely physical solution. It is much as though the economy of nature had suddenly been found so all at once altered, as that, when an easterly wind blew, you only had to do a little oiling to the weather vanes, and instantly the breezes became mild. Not that anæsthetics stand utterly alone in this respect. A great portion of the recent amelioration of human existence is owing to a mechanically-produced enchantment of this sort: lucky new knacks of manipulating material elements,—steam, electricity, and certain chemical compounds,—having surprisingly shown a capability of substituting spiritual progress. It is not, however, with the general doctrine of physical and moral equivalents, so curiously exemplified in modern civilization, that we have now to do, but only with a single set of the new facts, those grouped under the heading anæsthetics.

At the very first handling of the subject it is forced upon you that one consequence of this modern mixing up of physical processes and moral results is a certain air

of grotesqueness, arising from an incongruity of associations not yet much abated by familiarity. In the high sphere of the ancient virtues no tangible means have to be considered; penitence, trust, patience, are acts without detailed processes; owing to this their dignity is always perfect—they develop no commonplace. But this modern progress, on the material side, is full of petty details, sordid, unpicturesque, vulgar. What should be purely shining wonders are dulled by the commonest associations of business; miracles are performed, not as such, but in the usual way of day labour. The results, it must promptly be admitted, are magnificent, if we only could forget the means, for those always involve manual labours, not without a sort of degradation about them. In a word, the magic of modern science is not perfectly free; it is part enchantment, and it is also part the old style of hard work; the best of the marvels have touches of vulgarity. Anæsthetics are a special exemplification of this incongruity. It is not only that the knowledge of these wondrous soothers of pain was not given by supernatural revelation, avowedly for beneficent purposes; they were discovered on just the same level of chemical research as new modes of bleaching calico, extracting metals, dyeing cloths, their invention being interposed pell-mell among the others. Nor is it merely that we cannot detect any rules of morality underlying the conditions of their use now that we have so oddly got the agencies, no preliminary rites of purification being required either in the applier or the patient, saintliness of character or the most contrary viciousness not affecting their efficacy either way; but the very materials are profaned by all the ordinary circumstances of trade; they are quoted in merchants' prices-current along with other goods, dealers in them chaffering over the cost per gallon and per pound weight. Even their cheapness, while they at the same time can only be had at all by buying, gives a final stamp of commonplace; the imagination requiring that the waters of Lethe, either should be free to be had for nothing, or else that they should not sell at such low rates. But the grotesqueness does not stop here. The modes of their appliance are simply ludicrous. How can the fancy excite in itself any enthusiasm over such objects as a wetted pocket-handkerchief, a flexible tube in connexion with an inflated bag, or a squirt attached to a box, neither pretty nor ugly, but like all other boxes? A

* Report of the Committee on Chloroform, appointed by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. ("Medico-Chirurgical Transactions," vol. xiv.)

soaked sponge is the best escape yet offered from this unpicturesqueness! To put this view of the matter into a single expression, if we could find courage to avow it, the very notion of folding oblivion in a handkerchief, or obtaining soothing whiffs of Elysian calm through an india-rubber tube, is absurd. It is of no use pretending to explain this grotesqueness away by moralizing the unpicturesque features; it is an inherent characteristic of all this modern mechanical progress; perhaps anæsthetics bring it out with special vividness, but the fact is, the old style of heroics is wholly out of place with reference to scientific discoveries; the reason, no doubt, being that the newly-developed intellectual virtues out of which they arise are not yet fully recognized, much less duly appreciated. But underneath these little unintelligibilities of oddity in mode and manner lies the great fact of anæsthetics opening up a possibility of easily, exactly, fully managing bodily agony. For the purposes of this article, we are at liberty to assume a theoretical perfection which is, at present, not reached in practice, but which is most clearly pointed to — namely, that by the progressive multiplication of these agencies, and further improvements in the methods of their application, in the end, there will be anæsthetical resources available for the control of all forms of bodily pain, no matter where situated. This is the surprising consideration which, we say, modifies all previous theories respecting the existence of physical suffering as part of the cosmical plan.

First of all, let us recollect what are the old standard beliefs as to the uses in virtue of which bodily pain was introduced into the scheme of things.

The primary use of physical pain is most obvious, — that of apprising us of injury. Reasoning on the theological method, it was long since assumed that this kind of suffering betokened a physical conscience in the body, protesting against wrong-doing in reference to physiological laws. It was a striking generalization, though a survey of the whole of the facts, shows that this bodily conscience, like the moral one, presupposes an intellectual development to perfect it; its action even now being very uncertain and defective. The frame may, in fact, be ill-used in many ways, and the physical conscience is all too late in commencing its reproaches. In some instances, the nervous symptoms even mislead: pleasure is felt where pain should arise; in other cases — as, for ex-

ample, certain poisons — it cannot be said that there are any premonitions at all; time is not given for them. Sometimes the pain is wholly unintelligible — a mere unlocated uneasiness; and it scarcely ever operates in the exact ratio of the importance of the injury. A corn on the foot gives more anguish than the beginnings of many fatal diseases. Still, if we have to admit this falling short of perfection, the rough use of pain, in this sense, within certain limits of our ordinary experience, is incontestably clear. We are not exposed to the risk of suddenly impairing, or destroying, the organism without warning given: moreover, speaking generally, the sensitiveness is great where the damage would be serious, while provisions disclose themselves, in some classes of exigences, for lessening the susceptibility when necessity requires that pain shall be customarily braved. Anæsthetics, however, do not touch these primitive phenomena at all — the wound continues to smart, the tooth to ache, the organ to throb *until* the sedative is applied. The primary use of pain is in no way affected by these modern discoveries. But the old belief was, that bodily pain, as well as having this preventive character, had also a punitive aspect. It was hardly possible to escape the idea, since the suffering generally continued *after* the attention had been fully aroused and directed, and the progress of the injury stopped. An impression was, in this way, created that the suffering of pain which resulted from bodily excess was, in fact, a mode of expiation; that it was a balancing of the account, preventing illicit pleasure from being any gain. Here, again, puzzling difficulties arise, so soon as the theory is applied to the facts in detail. No principle of justice can be detected underlying these supposed expiations; there does not appear to be even any attempt at an exact measurement of the suffering which wrong conduct is to entail. A mode, or degree, of excess or neglect that, so far as human observation goes, is more venial than many others, may be far the worse punished; then, in the case of different individuals, the penalty for similar folly, though it is the same in kind, varies immensely in acuteness and pressure; nor does it necessarily bear any ratio to the personal gratification that was enjoyed by the particular sufferer in the commission of the offence. The principle of proportion in reference to the seriousness of the injury caused or risked signally fails — it almost does so ludicrously. Take, for in-

stance, the anguish of corns and tooth-ache; is it not preposterous to ask whether these pains are not altogether in excess of the wrong conduct which is generally identifiable as the cause of them? One is tempted to affirm, that the fine exquisiteness and long persistence of those two torments, hypothetically regarded, constitute them not inadequate reprisals for bad Emperors, who had abused the purple in exhausting all the pleasures of this world. There is, it is true, a refined mode of arguing these cases. It is especially necessary that we should keep in perfect order the means of mastication; acute pain is needed to enforce care, since teeth destroyed are lost for ever, the system not renewing them; and, by a process of reasoning of which Hamlet's speculations on the fate of Cæsar's dust may be taken as the type, dyspepsia, and we know not what other forms of disease, may be traced back to the neglect of a tooth-brush. But without dwelling upon the circumstance that the springing-up of the modern dentist with his artificial teeth, better than some natural ones, does away with half of this reasoning, the fact remains, that the letting a tooth decay is, in many instances, visited with a manner and continuance of anguish such as would be admitted to be beyond the desert of most capital crimes. It is only explicable on the antique principle, that to infringe virtue in the slightest degree is to expose yourself to the worst—for a peccadillo you must suffer infinitely. However, all this subtlety of speculation vanishes in the face of these accidents of modern chemistry. When the inhaling of a gas, or the scattering of a drachm of fluid, will give a perfect lapse of pain, what becomes of the idea of expiation? Any judicial apportionment of penalties for unlawful joys is impossible alongside this unrestricted retailing of the waters of oblivion over druggists' counters.

But a further use of bodily pain has to be mentioned—that of enforcing carefulness in the future; its remembrance deterring from a repetition of the conduct which causes it. So far as anæsthetics make the continuance of suffering controllable, and facilitate the cure of injuries, their discovery has a bearing upon the purpose of pain in this respect. Some qualifying remarks, however, suggest themselves here. There is a mystery about the way in which the old unmanageable prolongations of agony have failed to prove effective in fully terrifying mankind. It is simply wonderful to see the gay dar-

ing with which human beings will face the punishments consequent on disorderly living; returning again and again to snatch the fleeting joys, after experiencing previously close-treading pains that ought to have left them sad and trembling to their lives' end. One would say, speaking abstractedly, that in a world where twinges of gout had once been felt, nothing stronger than toast-and-water would ever again be put upon the tables; but, as a matter of fact, "Comet" port continues to fetch increasingly high prices. A given amount of pleasure always tempts far more than the same amount of suffering deters. That is the standing paradox of morals. On a first impression, it would seem that the way to remedy this would be to increase the penalty out of all proportion. Well, that notion was, at one time of day, made the systematic rule of human legislation, and it turned out quite wrongly. Hanging had not awe enough to keep women from stealing shilling rolls of ribbon. The thought arises, whether the fact may not be, that the penalties of bodily suffering in disease and personal injury have been excessive, and that anæsthetics may really prove to be a serviceable amelioration of physiological jurisprudence, the punishments being made more deterrent by being reduced. What we have described as the paradox of morals is, we think, capable of solution. This loss of ratio in the deterrent efficacy of suffering is explained when we bear in mind that, in the nature of things, there can be no adequate recollection of pain. It is impossible; for such recollection is in itself a pain from which the mind instinctively shrinks; and the more violent was the agony, the less will the memory consent to recall it—arresting, confusing, and even falsifying the remembrance just so much the earlier. Monstrous reminiscences of uncontrollable hopeless pangs huddle themselves away into ineffective vagueness. A moderate amount of inconvenience, which could be recalled and held in idea, the unpleasantness of the remembrance, though irksome, not being unbearable, is what is needed to furnish a deterring motive; not an immeasurable agony, which, when once it has passed, the imagination refuses to attempt to picture. We are by no means sure that, in very many instances, the recollection of the decently high rate of doctors' fees has not had more to do with enforcing orderliness of life than the remembrance of all the pains of illness; in fact, the gaiety of daring with which men face the return of much

of this suffering is non-recollection of it, owing to its excess paralyzing the memory. At any rate, now that anæsthetics have made the old belief in the expiatory purpose of pain wholly untenable, it is impossible to avoid the impression of a certain impracticable inordinateness of suffering in the case of bodily ailments generally. The amounts seem vastly beyond the mere uses of attracting the attention to the progress of injury, and of enforcing the observance of sanitary arrangements, and of proper personal watchfulness over one's limbs. No one, we suppose, has any fear of anodynes and anæsthetics bringing about the other extreme; there is little risk of individuals endangering their frames for the pleasures of easy surgical operations, or of inviting a fever for the sake of the modern treatment of it. It is likely to be some time yet before maiming and disease take rank among the positive pleasures of life. At present, the multiplication of anæsthetics does not even promise to go further than the reducing of pain and privation to what would appear to be more rational amounts. And if the preceding reasoning be correct, the lessening of human suffering to calculable ratios, instead of the present incomprehensible agonies, will increase, rather than impair, the deterrent uses of pain.

The general conclusion, then, to which we come is, that these modern anæsthetic discoveries necessarily do not in any way affect the primary use of pain — that of giving warning of injury; that they altogether destroy the old belief in physical suffering having an expiatory purpose; and that the probability is, they will heighten, instead of lower, the preventive efficacy of pain. But there are two or three further remarks yet to be made. The actual consequence of these inventions is, that the total sum of pain to be experienced by humanity has been immensely reduced in a purely mechanical way; the statistical conditions of life are greatly modified, and the question remains, what general moral influence is this likely to have? Does bodily pain create in men any special virtues, which now may suffer declension? An impression was early produced, that bleak exposure bred in us hardness; and it was a mitigating consolation to think so, when the bleakness had necessarily to be borne; but reasons have arisen for suspecting that this may be a pious misbelief, hardness being really only another name for cultivated insensibility. Self-sacrifice, it is true, must ever remain the unalterable law of human virtue, but that applies to

the voluntary renunciation of immediate pleasure, not the undergoing of superfluous suffering; and, by a miraculous rule of conversions, the suspense of that renunciation quickly transforms into a fuller gratification. Nothing of this kind characterizes bodily pain. Physical weakness can vary the style of thought, inducing reflection, and it may even find a sort of compensation in the curious joys of convalescence; but mere agony serves no moral purpose, for at a certain pitch it arrests thought, while the eager instinctive snatch at the gratification of rest in its intromissions, is brutally selfish, and most demoralizing. The very utmost that can be said in acute pain's behalf is, that it gives an opportunity in which endurance can be cultivated. Mere endurance, however, is the very lowest of the virtues; and even its development presupposes a regulated amount of pain: torments can never breed resignation — they must abate something of their sting before any leisure of patience comes. It is a fallacy of self-will that stubbornness has any high merit; its best use is to prevent us from suffering something still worse. Most assuredly, bodily pain may lose the barbaric severity that has hitherto attached to it — disease and accident may cease to be the incomprehensible monstrosities of old — without in the slightest degree restricting the range, or lessening the number of human virtues. On the contrary, it will be no small gain, even on the score of an increased freedom of the moral feelings generally, to be cured of the inevitable touch of baseness caused by the experience, and the dread, of unmanageable, excessive corporeal torments. No doubt, the discovery of anæsthetics, like all the other mechanical ameliorations of life constituting modern progress, seems at first sight, to imply a lowering of the ideal of human character: the belief in expiation gone, and for it substituted an intellectual habit of seeking the evasion of ill-consequences by mere remedies — contrivance more successful than endurance — this does not agree with our antique notions of the heroic. But the principle of stoicism on which those impracticable heroes were framed now stands convicted as a mistake; a long line of brilliant scientific successes shows that the true ideal of man is that of him viewed as a contriving, not an enduring creature; modern experience triumphantly making clear that a removable excess of hardship has been let fall upon him to prompt his intellect to efforts, not solely for the cultivation of the old rustic virtues. This has now become

so plain that no one has a serious misgiving as to the meddling with the old amounts and degrees of discomfort, on the score that they were permanently apportioned in reference to a set type of moral character; and when we shall better recognize and appreciate the new intellectual virtues out of which this modern progress arises, we shall find that the ideal of human character has broadened, but not lowered. It grows increasingly obvious that the problems of human life are partly intellectual in their character, not wholly moral; admitting, in certain instances and degrees, of what we, for want of a better word, have termed mechanical solutions; and that the very plan of mundane existence is framed, in its ultimate requirements, on the supposition of the world being inhabited by a creature with intellect fully developed. Very slowly man is realizing this supposition: one great step in this progress undoubtedly being the discovery of anæsthetics, thus giving him due control over bodily pain, enabling him to confine it within serviceable limits; which hitherto has been very far from being the case.

If it should be asked, why it was that our predecessors were left to the bleakness of unanæsthetic times, and why a fuller chemical sunshine will beam upon our successors than on ourselves, it can only be replied that these are idle questions. Those facts are among the necessary consequences of human life being framed as a historical drama of the whole race, as well as a career for the single individual.

From Saint Pauls.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

BEGINNERS in Literature, or those who think of beginning, must be very much puzzled with the confusion of statement in what they read and what they hear about a literary life, taken in connection with their own observation and experience, if they have a little of either. Take the case of a young fellow who either is or thinks himself very clever; who reads (as he may read in a dozen respectable places) that editors are only too glad to enlist fresh talent under their flags; and who yet, while frequently sending papers to magazines whose editors he reasonably presumes to be discriminating, is always getting them returned. The conventional stroke of politeness (upon which a word

of justification by-and-by), that the rejection of a proffered contribution does not necessarily imply that it wants merit, will hardly console him much, or clear up his bewilderment. And, in truth, I do not know that the case has ever been fairly and exhaustively stated.

Take, again, deliverances like that of Dickens, who, over and over again declared, in print and out of it, that all the talk about literary cliques barring the way of the young adventurer, about lions in the path, and the rest of it, was nonsense; he never found any lions in the way; and success in literature turned exclusively upon the same points as success anywhere else, such as merit, perseverance, and so on. How would this have sounded to Jean Paul, starving for ten years because the public would not listen to him? His was a peculiar case; but there are thousands of people to whom such words as those of Dickens must seem false and cruel.

Let us try and make a little *honest* way into the question. I promise not to shirk a single point that occurs to me, out of my own experience or otherwise, or knowingly to overstate or understate a single fact.

In the first place, then, success, great or small, in literature, depends upon the same conditions as good fortune of all other kinds in this mixed and trying world. Much depends upon what we call chance. The good tradesman may be sent to the wall by the bad; the brave soldier does not always, or usually, carry a marshal's baton in his knapsack, or even, as a rule, get the recognition he deserves, as desert goes under the sun. There is a chance of success for every man who tries after it. The normal order of things is for merit to win the prize. And this normal order is actually verified in a number of cases sufficient to encourage any one who cares to try and make his own case illustrate it once again. This is merely general; but it must be borne in mind. I do not know that to men who fail there is any particular consolation in it. And on the other hand, to speak out boldly the truth, that merit does not always succeed, too often acts like an infuriating red rag to the very people who have no merit at all. It encourages them to consider themselves victims when they are only nuisances, and they go on butting all the more at the barriers that will never fall before *their* style of attack.

Here, however, we must define. What is "success"? What is your precise ob-

ject in literature? If it is money, immediate fame, or indeed fame at all, then you may be enabled, after a certain number of attempts, to say if you have succeeded, or, in any case, if success is probable. The same applies if your object is anything else that is immediately tangible, like a party movement or a social change for example. But the case becomes more difficult when we pass upwards from the ranks of the "Bread-Artist," as the Germans call him. Suppose a man has set his heart upon the production of poetry that will live, or the communication of a certain impulse to the thoughts or feelings of men. Here, we may affirm, to begin with, that, if he has once found an audience of much variety, genuine qualification is certain of some recognition. The *variety* in the audience is, however, essential if this is to hold true. Reason good: what is one man's meat is another man's poison; and numbers of persons, though sensitive to merit of one kind, are insensitive to merit of another. But the effect a man produces as poet, thinker, or what not during his lifetime, is no gauge whatever of the value of his communications to the world; that he is at once recognized by competent people proves that there is something in him; but what may happen in the way of subsequent recognition is all dark. Spinoza, while living, was known for an able man, but his public and his influence have been immensely greater since his death, and the amount of his influence upon modern thought is utterly inscrutable. John Sterling has been much more influential since his death than he ever was during his life, so far as we can tell. But these are matters in which we never *can* "tell" much. So that no man who has found his capacity recognized need despair at what appears to him the limited character of the impression he has made. A clergyman named Gay lives in philosophy on the strength of a mere pamphlet, in which (what is called) the law of association is (said to be) first assigned its proper place. Waller, Richard Lovelace, Gray, Andrew Marvell, and others, are remembered chiefly by a few happy lines apiece.

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

It is this exquisite couplet which may be said to have kept Waller alive. It is an awkward thing to refer to living poets; but I believe that very small sweet fragments will keep Mr. William Allingham and some others in memory quite as long

as Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning will be known.

The statement, so often repeated, and by people who ought to know better than to say such a misleading thing as that naked statement—I mean the *dictum* that capacity need never fear of failing to find prompt acceptance, inasmuch as editors are always on the lookout for fresh talent—is one that must be received with much qualification and reserve. It may be taken as a general rule that very special talent, amounting to genius, stands at first a bad chance, especially with periodicals. What chance would anything as new as Richter's "Hesperus" or Mr. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" have with our ordinary magazine? The chances are a million to one that the editor, though able and good-natured, would reject it at once, as not being "suited" to his "pages." A reason which would perhaps be a sound one; yet nobody can tell till the trial is made what kind of public an eccentric intellectual product may find. We know what a hard fight a man like Mr. Browning has to wage before he wins his way to such a position that he is sure of being read; and it is precisely the same with eccentric capacity of a lower order. That also is under difficulties. Two or three kinds of capacity stand a good chance at once. First, brilliancy of a slightly *bourgeois* or "philistine" order. Ingoldsby is a case in point, and, irreverent though it seems, so is Dickens.* Secondly, talent of the usual journalistic or magazine kind, combined with adequate culture and knowledge of the world. Third, effective power, not easily fatigued and quick to produce, of an order which happens to suit the market at the time. At this moment, for example, the talent of the journalist and the talent of the novelist are in great request. It cannot be said that the supply of either exceeds the demand.

But here is perhaps the place to say that no capacity of any kind can hope to succeed without preparatory study and self-culture directed to the precise end in view. Of this, however, we will say more in subsequent pages.

One of the reasons which tell against the mere outside adventurers is this—that every editor is surrounded by known and tried contributors, who now and then wish to recommend or bring forward

* This truth being spoken—for the truth it is—only dull people will disbelieve me when I add that it is impossible that any one should have a more intense feeling for the genius of Dickens than I have.

others. Friendly feeling weighs with editors, like other people; and so it ought. You, the outsider and stranger, may send a fairly good paper to a given periodical; but unless it is very decidedly better than any which the literary adherents of the periodical, among whom are sure to be personal friends of its managers, why should the editor give you the preference? He may be ever so ready to give you a chance; but, alas, it is morally certain that he has arrears, perhaps six months long or more, of good articles from valued contributors, some of whom are pressing him, more or less gently, to give them a preference.

Besides this, there is the policy of the periodical to carry out, or its character to maintain. This is a matter upon which the managers must be the judges, without appeal; and they will mentally have their own notions of the way in which the subject-matter should be, so to speak, mixed or beaten-up. The nicest shade of difference or resemblance or relevancy or irrelevancy (with reference to other articles or to current topics) may determine the acceptance, the rejection, the insertion, or the delay of an article. Then, again, reasons of personal feeling often induce a kind and conscientious editor to "pack" his periodical in a manner which he would, for its immediate prosperity's sake, prefer to avoid. That is, he may feel it his duty — nay, even in rare cases, his interest — to insert articles which the general principles of his procedure would certainly exclude. He might know that the public had had too much, for instance, of the Irish Church question, and yet be in such a position with regard to the author of an article too much on that subject as to feel that it would be unkind or even unfair to refuse that article. In fact, the considerations which determine the packing of a magazine are incalculably intricate.

The question of the value of personal influence in advancing the beginner who is attempting to find his way into literature, has always, so far as my reading goes, been untruthfully described. We have been constantly told that in literature introductions are of no use; merit everything. But why should literature be unlike any other thing under heaven in this respect? Put the case of obtaining an audience wholly irrespective of profit. Here, the speaking-trumpet that falls to a man's lot is of the very utmost moment. If he happens to have something strikingly appropriate to say of an immediately exciting topic, he has a chance of being able

to get a good speaking-trumpet. I am thinking now of the "Letters of an Englishman," which, as far as I know, were at once admitted to the *Times* solely on the strength of their merit and their applicability. But it is very rarely that so many favourable conditions concur as happened to unite in that particular case. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the value of an introduction in getting a writer a good speaking-trumpet is immense. A celebrated name is a kind of introduction which will illustrate the subject very well. Mr. Matthew Arnold, for example, inherits a name which is historical, and which has all the effect of most powerful introductions. Apart from his genuine capacities and high culture, he has been immensely indebted, as a political and social critic, to the speaking-trumpet — the *Pall Mall Gazette* — which personal accidents placed in his power. There was not another organ in the world in which his peculiar communications would have been welcomed and would have found, at once, so favourable and so large an audience. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was itself an accident, and the circumstances that gave him his speaking-trumpet were a sort of accident, and nothing else. For myself, while the most felicitous literary incident of my life was what people would call fortuitous as well — that is, I was indebted to no introduction for it — I assert that it is mere rant and fustian to deny the value of introductions in literary business matters. They will not procure success for bad work, but they give a particular piece of ordinary good work the exceptional chance which is necessary for the acquisition of a footing. And for business purposes that is everything. It is true, all this applies more to journalism than to other kinds of literary work. But this just covers the largest field of all, and the field in which the competitors are, upon a superficial view, the most nearly equal. Now, the hasty view which, alone, an overworked editor is able to take of the pretensions of a new-comer is necessarily superficial.

So very few persons have the requisite faculties for judging of poetry, that that is in a very peculiar position. Here, and in the better sorts of fiction, introduction can do — we may say — nothing. Perhaps a real gift for poetry, or a real gift for story-telling, is of all literary gifts the one that is most sure to find its own way. The number of persons who can tell a good story from a bad one is very considerable; so that though a new-comer, with startling

peculiarities, may be snubbed here and there, the beginner in fiction, if really capable, stands a good chance. On the other hand, though the number of people who can tell poetry from mere good verse is few, it is easy, a certain degree of merit once reached, to get poetry printed. And then, the few who do know poetry, have a quick scent for it. So those who have cast bread upon the waters in that kind may rest tranquil—they have been, or will be, found out. Besides, though it costs something, it is not so very difficult to get a volume of poetry into print now-a-days. And poetry is, I repeat, almost certain to be found out by somebody. This remains true, in spite of the fact that there is sometimes a conflict of verdicts. The least competent and most adverse critic of Keats and Wordsworth would not have denied, upon being pressed, that the *differentia* of their minds was poetic; the rest, it will be observed, was mere matter of (what is called) taste. The radical question put by the man who thinks he sings is, "Do you acknowledge this for singing?" All the praise in the critic's ink-pot that does not go to this point should be held worthless; all the blame that admits this point may be borne with, however unjust or foolish.

The following passage is quoted from an American periodical of high standing:—

"Perhaps no taste differs more than literary taste. Men of trained judgment and rare culture differ from each other almost as much as the boor and the philosopher. This is shown in the popular magazines, not only occasionally, but constantly. What the *Galaxy* rejects, *Putnam* prints with entire readiness; the essay *Harper's* repudiates meets with favour in the *Atlantic*; and the poem the *Atlantic* 'declines with thanks' is published in the *Broadway*. Every month the editor of some one of the monthlies discovers in his rivals the manuscript he has returned to the owner, while he himself prints and praises what his contemporaries have pronounced unworthy. We know a very clever authoress—one of the most famous in the country—who sends her composition at one time, first to the *Atlantic*, then to *Harper's*, then to the *Galaxy*; next time, first to the *Galaxy*, &c., just reversing the order. Some one of the serials usually rejects it, but another always accepts; and she says candidly she would not give a fig for the judgment of any of them. Concerning the taste of critics, who shall decide?"

This crude bit of comment may well be taken as an illustration of some of the foregoing hints. No doubt one magazine may reject what another will insert. Of course a religious Review might decline

what a secular Review might welcome. But that is not all, or half; for the question goes far beyond "literary taste." The condition of the editor's pigeon-holes is a ruling element in the case. The *Galaxy* may reject a piece of "subjective" verse because it is already overdone with such matter, while *Putnam* may run short of it just then. Or, again, an article may be declined because if published in a particular magazine it might "take the edge off" an article or series of articles projected at the time. If an editor had engaged a well-known contributor to write for him a set of papers on a given topic, he would almost certainly decline to insert a casual paper on the same or a similar topic which happened to reach him at about the same date. In fact, there are a hundred, or a hundred thousand, ways in which a really good article may be "not suited to our pages."

From The Academy.

SONGS OF THE SIERRAS.*

This is a truly remarkable book. To glance through its pages is to observe a number of picturesque things picturesquely put, expressed in a vivid flowing form and melodious words, and indicating strange, outlandish, and romantic experiences. The reader requires no great persuasion to leave off mere skimming and set to at regular perusal; and, when he does so, he finds the pleasurable impression confirmed and intensified.

Mr. Miller is a Californian, domiciled between the Pacific and the Sierra Nevada, who has lived and written "on the rough edges of the frontier." Last winter he published, or at least printed, in London, a small volume named *Pacific Poems*, consisting of two of the compositions now republished—one of them in a considerably modified form. San Francisco and the city of Mexico were known to him; but it is only in the summer of 1870 that he for the first time saw and detested New York, and soon afterwards reached London. Thus much he gives us to know in a few nervous, modest, and at the same time resolute words of preface—reproduced here, with a postscript, from his former volume. He is prepared to be told and to believe that there are crudities in his book; but he adds significantly, "poetry

* "Songs of the Sierras." By Joaquin Miller. Longmans and Co.

with me is a passion that defies reason." Mr. Miller's preface would command sympathetic respect even if his verses did not. We feel at once that we have to deal with a man, not with a mere vendor of literary wares. To argue with him would be no use, and to abuse him no satisfaction. Luckily we are not called upon to do either; but, while responding to his invitation to point out without reticence what shows as faulty, we have emphatically to pronounce him an excellent and fascinating poet, qualified, by these his first works, to take rank among the distinguished poets of the time, and to greet them as peers.

The volume, of some 300 pages, contains only seven poems. The last of these—a tribute to the glorious memories of Burns and Byron—is comparatively short: all the rest are compositions of some substantial length, and of a narrative character, though *Ina*—considerably the longest of all—assumes a very loose form of dramatic dialogue. Mr. Miller treats of the scenes and personages and the aspects of life that he knows—knows intimately and feels intensely; and very novel scenes, strange personages, and startling aspects these are. This fact alone would lend to his book a singular interest, which is amply sustained by the author's contagious ardour for what he writes about, and his rich and indeed splendid powers of poetic presentment. A poet whose domestic hearth is a hut in an unfathomable cañon whose forest has been a quinine wood, permeated by monkeys,

"Like shuttles hurried through and through
The thread a hasty weaver weaves,"

and whose song-bird is a cockatoo, and to whom these things, and not the converse of them, are all the genuine formative experiences and typical realities or images of a life, is sure to tell us something which we shall be both curious and interested to think over. There is an impassable gap between the alien *coulour locale* of even so great a poet as Victor Hugo in such a work as *Les Orientales*, and the native reciprocity of one like our Californian author, whose very blood and bones are related to the things he describes, and from whom a perception and a knowledge so extremely unlike our own are no more separable than his eyes and his brain. Such being the exceptional nature of Mr. Miller's subject-matter, the best way of obtaining some specific idea of his work, both in its beauties and in its defects—which latter no doubt

are neither few nor insignificant—may be to give a brief account of his stories.

The first poem, named *Arazonian*, is the life-experience of a gold-washer from Arazona, which he relates to a friendly-disposed farmer. The gold-washer had in his youth been in love with a bright-haired Annette Macleod. He then went off to the gold region, and for about twenty-one years saw and heard nothing about Annette, but still cherished the thought of her with fervid affection. An Indian woman became his companion in gold ventures, and, it might be inferred, his concubine, were we not told that she was "as pure as a nun." One day she challenges him with his undying love for the beautiful blonde: he returns a short answer, and takes no very definite measures for shielding her from a raging storm which comes on over the cañon on the instant. She, excited to a semi-suicidal frenzy, dies in the storm. The gold-washer, fencing with the horrid remorse at his heart, and keeping a vision of beautiful blonde hair before his mental eye, goes off to rediscover Annette Macleod. He sees the very image of her at a town-pump; but, when he calls her name, it turns out that this blooming damsel is but the daughter of the Annette of olden-days, long since married. The gold-washer, thus drinking the dregs of bitterness from both his *affaires de cœur*, returns to his gold-finding, resolved to make of this the gorgeous and miserable work of his remaining years. He is a splendid personage in Mr. Miller's brilliant and bounding verses, and only "less than Archangel ruined." The second poem, *With Walker in Nicaragua*, appears to relate the author's own youthful experiences. Walker, whom we English have so frequently stigmatized as "the filibuster," is presented as a magnificent hero of the class to whom human laws form no obstacle. Mr. Miller is as loyal to his memory as was ever Jacobite to that of a Charles Edward, and probably with better reason. There is a wild, mysterious, exploratory splendour in this poem, a daring sense of adventure, and a glorious richness of passion both for brown-skinned Montezuman maidenhood and for the intrepid military chief, which place the work very high indeed both among Mr. Miller's writings (we think it clearly the best of all, with the possible exception of *Arazonian*) and in the poetry of our time generally. Walker, of course, is seized and shot before the poem closes; and the Montezuman damsel comes to as deplorable an end as the gold-adventuress of the preceding

poem. After a courtship the raptures of which are only paralleled by its purity, she makes frantic efforts to reach her lover, now retreating by sea, along with his fellows, after a military disaster. She follows in a canoe; brandishes in the eye of the steersman a dagger which her lover had given her as a token sure to be recognized; but somehow (we are not told why) no recognition ensues, the lover himself being lulled in uneasy slumbers, and the maiden topples over and is drowned. *Californian*, the next poem in the series, has very little story amid lavish tracts of description — or we might rather say of picture-writing, for Mr. Miller executes his work of this kind more by vivid flashes of portrayal and of imagery than by consecutive defining. A votary of the ancient Indian or Montezuman faith does any amount of confused miscellaneous fighting, and is slain: the woman who loves him casts herself into the beacon-fire. *The Last Taschastas* is another story of native valour and turmoil. An Indian chief of advanced age makes a raid upon the settlers: he is vanquished, seized, and put in a boat to be transported, with his beautiful daughter, to some remote region. While on the boat he darts a poisoned arrow at his principal adversary, and kills him: he is then shot down, and no further account of the fate of his daughter is vouchsafed. *The Tale of the Tall Alcalde*, which follows, has something which, according to Mr. Miller's standard, almost simulates a plot. We are first introduced to an Alcalde in the town of Renalda, of abnormal stature, and of a dignified virtue equally abnormal. At a symposium in honour of the Annunciation, the Alcalde is induced — by a concerted and insidious plot, as it may be gathered, between an advocate and a priest — to narrate his early adventures. These prove to have been of a sort by no means consonant to the Olympian calm of his mature years. In youth, with an Indian girl whom he loved, he had joined a band of Indians, had fought in their cause, and had been imprisoned. The girl seeks him out in his durance, but cannot obtain access to him save at the price of her chastity. Loathing the wretch who demands this sacrifice, she nevertheless consents, but with a firm resolve not to survive the desired moment when her lover shall be liberated. This result is eventually obtained; and the Indian heroine, revealing her shame and her self-devotion, stabs herself to the heart. The future Alcalde, after this catastrophe, vows revenge; and prowls about with a

vigorous and successful intent to murder which would have done credit to the Southern chivalry enrolled in the Ku-Klux Klan. At length, however, a scene of rural domestic bliss promotes milder thoughts. The outlaw returns within the pale of civilization, and enters on the career which has at last made him an Alcalde. When the enlightened but too confiding jurist has revealed thus much, the wily advocate starts up, denounces him, and orders his instant seizure: but to no avail. The Alcalde, who at the moment "seemed taller than a church's spire," declines to be handled, and grinds his drinking-glass to powder; and then

"He turned on his heel, he strode through the hall,

Grand as a god, so grandly tall,
And white and cold as a chiselled stone.

He passed him out the adobé door
Into the night, and he passed alone,
And never was known or heard of more."

We now come to the last of the poems — the semi-dramatic composition named *Ina*. It is a curious *guazzabuglio* (to use an expressive Italian term) of picturesque perceptions both of external nature and of the human heart, along with a chaos of the constructive or regulative powers of the understanding. Every now and then there is a sort of titanic and intrinsically poetical utterance in it which reminds one of Marlowe; a like splendour and far reach of words, with a like — or indeed a greater — contempt of quiet common sense, and overstraining of the framework. *Ina* is a passionate young woman, in love with Don Carlos, but resolved upon marrying in faithful espousals, a suitor of heavy purse and advanced age, with the scarcely disguised motive, however, of afterwards enjoying, in the arms of the ardent Carlos, a youthful widowhood which is distinctly forecast as a very early contingency. Carlos does not quite "see it," and goes off in disgust to lead a wild hunting-life in the mountains — rough good-fellowship mellowed by misogyny. *Ina* soon realizes the summit of her ambition. Her aged bridegroom dies; she joins the hunting party in the disguise of a young mountaineer; and, after hearing from her companions various salvoes of story-telling to the dishonour of the serpent woman, she reveals and proposes herself to Don Carlos. The Don tells her that he cannot think of demeaning himself to a lady who comes to him second-hand; and the Donna, plucking up her spirit, as well as a vigorous modicum of good sense which has

from the first endeared her to the reader athwart the coarseness of her own plans and the fantasticalities of her surroundings, informs him that he may make himself easy without her, once and for all.

Such, reduced to a *caput mortuum*, are the materials of this striking book, through whose veins (if we may prolong the figure) the blood pulsates with an abounding rush, while gorgeous sub-tropical suns, resplendent moons, and abashing majesties of mountain-form, ring round the gladiatorial human life. The reader will hardly need, after our summary, to be told that Byron is the poet whose spirit most visibly sways and overshadows that of Joaquin Miller. The latter is indeed a writer of original mind and style; and there is a weighty difference between a Californian who has really engaged in, or at least had lifelong cognizance of, all sorts of wild semi-civilized adventure, and a noble lord to whom the like range of experience forms the distraction of a season or the zest of a tour. Still, the poetic analogy is strikingly visible, and has a very mixed influence upon Mr. Miller's work. On one side, taking interest as he does, like Byron, in adventurous picturesque personages, with the virtues and vices of the life of defiance, full of passion and resource (for Mr. Miller has the art of making us respect the intellectual calibre of all his characters, whatever they may do, and however closely they may approximate to savages), he is lifted at once above the mild and mediocre or the merely photographic levels of work: on the other hand, he exhibits life not only under the rudimentary and incomplete conditions which his subject-matter suggests, but with an effect of abortiveness and gloom due partly, no doubt, to the Byronic tradition, and so extreme as to be almost morbid. His interest in life seems to be very much that of a gambler, who plays a stake, conscious that the chances are against him; or, one might rather say, of a man who watches a game played with loaded dice, and who sees his friend ruined by an undeniable conspiracy. In *Ina*, for instance, gratuitous misery is poured forth, as from a bucket, with a liberally cruel hand. It is intensely unsatisfactory to be told of a lovely, girlish, and wealthy widow, steeped in amorous grace, constancy, and spirit, making love to the hot-blooded youth who has adored her all his life, and whom she has confessedly adored — only to be repulsed with a stolid obtuse *morque*, and then to wrap herself round in her dignity, and close the last avenue to a right mutual understanding. We see

Love assassinated before our eyes by two lovers, who can find no better employment than persistently carving the death's-head and marrow-bones over his head-stone. In this tale the very *motif* has a twist of dislocation: in some others, as our summary will have shown, the conception, though mainly monotonous, is interesting in a high degree, but the poet shows little gift for constructing a story. In *Arazonian*, for example — an excellent and truly engrossing poem — the reader is unable to credit the central fact; namely, that the gold-washer, having for twenty-one years lost sight of his early love so entirely as not to know that she had been married for a long series of years, travels in good faith to search her out and wed her, and accepts at first sight her daughter as being her authentic self. It might perhaps be added, without cynicism that the daughter, who so absolutely realizes to the many-laboured gold-washer, the person of his long-lost love, should really have stood to his feelings in that relation; and that his natural and compensatory course would have been to court her on the spot.

Excitement and ambition may be called the twin geniuses of Mr. Miller's poetical character. Everything is to him both vital and suggestive; and some curious specimens might be culled of the fervid interfusion of external nature and the human soul in his descriptive passages. The great factors of the natural world — the sea, the mountains, the sun, moon, and stars — become personalities, animated with an intense life and a dominant possession. He loves the beasts and birds, and finds them kin to him; a snake has its claim of blood-relationship. At times he runs riot in overcharged fancies, which, in *Ina* especially, recall something of the manner of Alexander Smith, whether in characterizing the objects of nature, or in the frenzied aspirations of the human spirit. It should be understood, however, that the only poet to whom he bears a considerable or essential analogy is Byron. In *Arazonian* indeed the resemblance of diction and versification is rather to Browning, and some passages might seem to be directly founded on the *Flight of the Duchess*: but I learn that this resemblance is merely fortuitous. As such, it is an interesting reciprocal confirmation of the value of the peculiarities of narrative form belonging to both poems. At times also there is a recognizable ring of Swinburne, especially as regards alliteration, and a vigorous elastic assonance, not only in the syllables but in the collocation of words and phrases.

There is little space, and not much occasion, for dwelling on verbal or other minute defects. The swing and melody of the verse are abundant; yet many faulty lines or rhymes, with some decided perversities in this way, could be cited; along with platitudes of phrase, or odd and inadmissible words. All these are minor matters. Mr. Miller has realized his poetic identity under very exceptional conditions, highly favourable to spirit and originality, but the contrary so far as united completion or the accepted rules of composition are concerned. He is a poet, and an admirable poet. His first works prove it to demonstration, and super-abundantly; and no doubt his future writings will reinforce the proof with some added maturity and charm. He is not the sort of man to be abashed or hurt by criticism. Let me add that the less attention he pays to objections, even if well-founded, and the more he continues to write out of the fulness of his own natural gifts, the better it will probably be for both himself and his readers. America may be proud of him.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

From All the Year Round.
A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I WAS standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Horse-shoe along the brink of the rocks, and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but, owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of a boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move. It was a man. Yes; he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about nine or ten o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride

of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids.

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray, as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides; already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable, and dropped down to him from the bridge, which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall.

But now a despatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles) by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, nine-thirty A.M., and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet iron, with airtight chambers; a boat that could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language), "The life-boat is coming." He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was at last launched, the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies, and whirlpools, which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which lies the danger of

transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. The life-boat's course was steady at first: she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length approaching the log she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But, no, it stood firm—the boat had reached its destination. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and with its hollow inside directed towards the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed towards it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until both cables being brought to one side of the river by the united force of fifty or sixty men, she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside-down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who still clung to the log, swayed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as we could judge at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long, and flat-bottomed. Its passage was most fortunate, and as she floated down, even alongside of the log without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt that the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log making signals to those who directed the boat.

He now eagerly seized her, drew her towards him, jumped into her, and made signs to them to draw him up. This was commenced, but some of the tackle had caught, and it was deemed necessary to let it loose for an instant. This was done; the boat floated a few feet down the rapid, swung round the lower end of the log, entangling the cable beneath it, and there remained immovably fixed. Once more the poor fellow's work began. He

drew off one of his boots and baled the boat, he pushed at the log, climbed upon it, and used every possible exertion to move the boat, but in vain! An hour was spent in these fruitless efforts—an hour of terrible suspense to all who beheld him. He worked well, for he worked for his life. Three months after, this boat retained its position, nor will it move until the rocks grind its cable in two, or the waters tear it piecemeal into shreds.

Another plan must be devised, and this, with American promptitude, was soon done. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity: thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; three or four similar cans, by the way, had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the food lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care, he lashed his legs firmly, and then signalled to draw him up; thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up, the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head, owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it, and as the raft still advanced, the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under, but, alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear quite so impassable. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half-way between the log and the opposite shore (a small island). This also failed from the same cause, therefore it was proposed to endeavour to let the raft

float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced, but with the old result, the cable was caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferry-boats (built expressly for crossing beneath the fall) had been brought up, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down towards the raft, whilst in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat; a boat never could return against a rapid, however well able to float down it. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall than it would dip, fill, and spin round, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lash-

ings, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat, and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood; she paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and, as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the overwhelming torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waters as they hurried him along upright, waving both arms above his head. We lost sight of him at intervals, yet again and again he reappeared, and I thought hours must have passed in lieu of one brief half-minute. But the end came at last; once more I saw his arms wildly waved above his head, and, in an instant, the crowd turned from the spot in dead silence. The man was lost.

Two of the written orders which were given by the expiring Commune for the acts of incendiarism committed on the capture of Paris are reported to have been discovered. Marshal MacMahon's staff has vouched for their genuineness, and they have been copied by private individuals, who have since been doing a brisk business in publishing facsimiles. The first is on the official note-paper of the War Office, and is signed by Ferré, who had special charge of the petroleum business. It is dated 4 Prairial (May 21), and runs simply thus:—"Citoyen Lucas,—Faites de suite flamber Finances" [the Ministry of Finance of course intended] "et venez nous retrouver." The individual who carried this document was dressed in civil clothes, and was one of a small party who stood at and were killed behind the barricade between the Madeleine and the Place de la Concorde. The second order was found on the body of a uniformed Communist who was killed in the very last of the fighting on the 28th of May, close to the Mairie of Belleville, by Vinoy's troops. It is not dated, and is on ordinary paper, but is stamped in three places with the official stamp of the Commandant de Place at the Hôtel de Ville, and is signed by Parent, Lieutenant Colonel, who called himself in those latter days chief of staff, and dealt out military executions on deserters from the ramparts with unsparring hand. It runs simply,— "Incendiez le quartier de la Bourse, ne craignez pas." It happens, however, that this quarter was not burned. Both Parent and Ferré have been lately captured, and are among the members of the Commune now awaiting trial. Pall Mall.

Now that the "principle of legitimacy" has turned up again in France, it is interesting to look back at the declaration of the Duke of Orleans, "First Prince of the Blood in France," which is given in the *Times* of June 22, 1815. The irony of events is beautifully illustrated in that "solely in the event of my being unfortunate enough to have my seat on the throne opened to me by the extinction of an illustrious branch," with which Louis Philippe dexterously qualified his aspirations. The document is as follows:—

Frenchmen,—I am under the necessity of breaking the silence I had imposed on myself, and since some have had the audacity to connect my name with guilty wishes and perfidious insinuations, my honour dictates to me, in the face of all Europe, a solemn protest which my duties prescribe to me. Frenchmen,—They deceive and mislead you; but those among you especially deceive themselves who arrogate the right of choosing another master, and who outrage by seditious hopes a prince, the most faithful subject of the King of France, Louis XVIII. The irrevocable principle of legitimacy is now the sole guarantee of peace in France and in Europe. Revolutions have only made its force and importance more strongly felt, consecrated by a warlike league and by a pacified congress of all the princes; this principle will become the invariable rule of reigns and successions. Yes, Frenchmen, I should be proud to govern you, but solely in the event of my being unfortunate enough to have my seat on the throne opened to me by the extinction of an illustrious branch. It would be then only that I should also make known intentions far different, perhaps, from those which some ascribe to me, or which they choose to suggest me. Frenchmen, I address myself to none but a few misled men. Become yourselves again and proclaim yourselves faithful subjects of Louis XVIII., and of his natural heirs with one of your princes and fellow citizens.—LOUIS PHILIPPE, Duke of Orleans. Pall Mall.

ROME, June 18.

The day before yesterday the Pope received two deputations from England—one from the Roman Catholic clergy and one from the Roman Catholic youth. The clerical deputation comprised Monsignor Capel, R. F. H. Laing, and R. F. M. Wyndham, delegates for Westminster; Chancellor T. R. Brown, delegate for Beverley; Canon O'Sullivan, R. T. Souter, and R. F. Hopkins, delegates for Birmingham; R. P. Mathews, delegate for Hexham and Newcastle; R. W. Berry, and two delegates from Shrewsbury. Chancellor O'Sullivan read the address, which was written in Latin, and the Pope, after a short pause, made the following reply in French:—

I derive a lively consolation from seeing around me the clergy of England. I know how much they labour for the glory of God, and how they are united in spirit and faith. We could look for no other result, so long as the English clergy attend upon the Church in the edifying manner they have always done to this moment. I have always cherished the deepest interest for the dissemination of religion in England, and I bless with all my heart your bishops, your clergy, your flocks. I bless England, and all the dominions of England, and I desire that my benediction upon that country shall endure for ever.

Canon O'Sullivan presented the Pope with 5,000 francs, and Monsignor Capel made an offering of 25,000 francs. The Holy Father then passed into the *salle ducale*, to receive the delegates of the Catholic youth, who were headed by three children of the Earl of Gainsborough—the Hon. Edward Noel, Lady Edith Noel, and Lady Constance Noel. The address, which bore 90,000 signatures, was read by the Hon. Edward Noel, and was accompanied by an offering of 85,000 francs. The Holy Father replied to the address in the following terms:—

It is with pleasure that I see the young gather round my old age. To children was given the glory of cheering our Lord on the eve of His Passion. I have to partake something of the sufferings of the Passion, and God may require me to endure further sufferings; but I shall remember the children who pray with me. The Passion of our Lord is the foundation of the Church, and all our sorrows are profitable to the Church, because they more firmly unite us. You know the old proverb, "Union is strength," and it is not the young who divide. The youth of Italy, of France, Germany, Holland, and England, adopting this high principle, protest against the spoliation of the Holy See, and it is to their perseverance in this union that we must look to obtain, through their prayers, the deliverance of the Church by God. In the present day there are many who clamour for liberty, but when they speak of liberty for the Church, their design is to make the Church the servant of the State. The Church is to instruct, direct, and govern the Christian world, not to be its servant. And now, from the bottom of my heart, I bless you and your families.

The Pope afterwards received the German deputation, composed of 600 delegates and 400 residents and visitors. It was headed by the Princes Louvenstein and Isenburg, and the

Prince Louvenstein read the address, which, as well as the Pope's reply, related exclusively to German topics. The canon of Breslau presented the Holy Father with an address from the Prince-Bishop of that see and the Catholics of Breslau, who together remitted the Pope an offering of 100,000 francs. Audience was also given to Prince Hohenlohe, envoy extraordinary from the Emperor of Austria, and to Dom Miguel of Portugal. General Bertholi-Viale arrived as a special envoy with the congratulations of the King of Italy, and was told by Cardinal Antonelli that the Pope's commands would be taken as to his reception, an answer which was followed by a message from the Holy Father to the general, expressing his thanks for the King's wishes, but declining to receive an envoy from him in such a state of affairs. The Sacred College brought the Holy Father an offering of 30,000 francs, and 6,000 francs were presented by the deputation from Holland.

There has been a *Te Deum* at St. John Lateran and a grand service at St. Peter's. Mass was chanted by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and the most admirable order prevailed, though the congregation numbered 23,000 persons, and though great disappointment was felt at the absence of the Pope and Cardinals. It would be tedious to enumerate the deputations which during the last three days have brought the Holy Father offerings of money from every part of the Catholic world. On one day the Pope received more than a million of francs, and the donations are often supplemented by costly plate and ornaments. Among the Sovereigns who sent their congratulations is Queen Victoria, who made use of the telegraph for the purpose, and by the same medium received through Archbishop Manning the Pope's response, blessing the Queen and the Royal Family. The public peace has been nowhere disturbed, the King's Commissary, Signor Gadila, having notified to the Prince-Syndic that the clerical party was to be at liberty to move in processions and celebrate the Pope's jubilee in whatever manner it pleased; and Prince Pallavicini has employed the Civic Guard and the National Guard to preserve order.

Fall Mail.

According to the *Gaulois*, all is not *coleur de rose* in the life of the heroic Emperor of Germany, for not only is his Majesty suffering from rheumatism, but he no longer finds at Ems that French colony which was the principal charm of the place. "The formidable voice of the Krupp cannons," says your contemporary, "have driven away those joyous swarms of witty and amiable people." Poor King, how bored he must feel!